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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 5, 1939
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Vol. CLVIII No. 2063 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUGUST 5 1939

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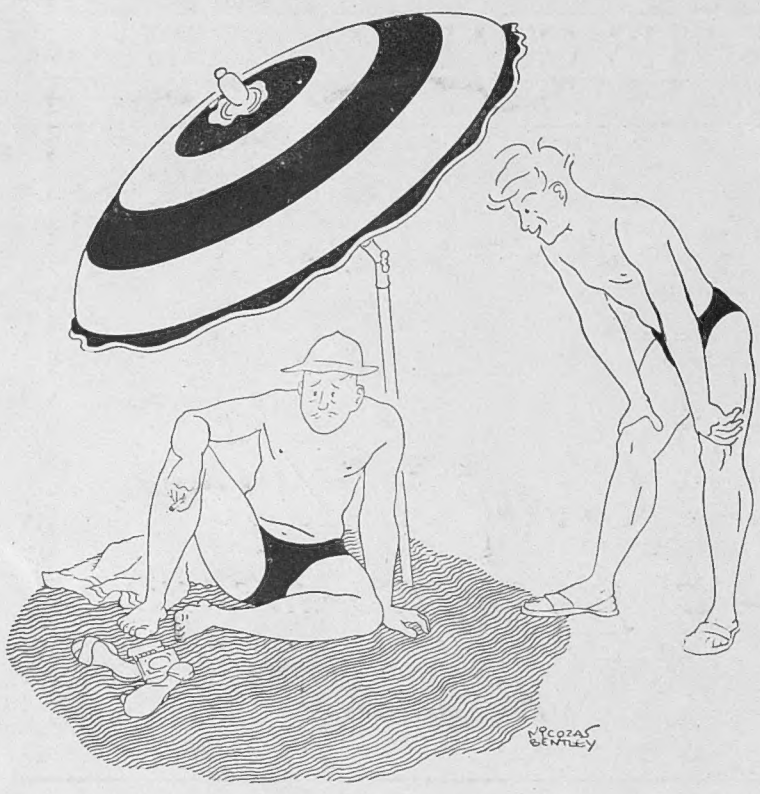

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WITH A

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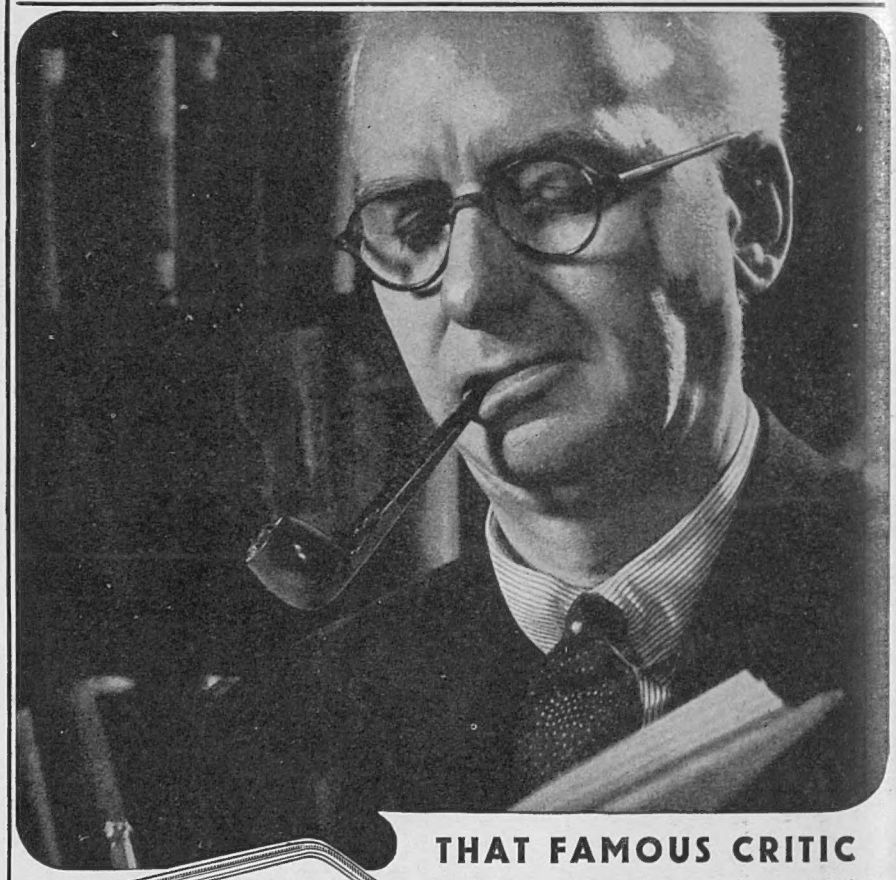

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has a shrewd eye for the potential 'best-seller'—a cutting wit for the 'pot-boiler'. That which has merit invokes his praise. He shows the same clear insight, too, in choosing his tobacco. With him, "No Name"—that dependable blend of fine tobaccos — is a considered choice.

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 5, 1939

THE MANNING OF BRITAIN'S RESERVE FLEET

Two of the 12,000 Men who Joined Up Last Monday for a Two Months' Spell of Duty at Sea

On Monday last the British Navy accomplished one of those sparkling feats of which it has so often shown itself capable, when 12,000 Naval Reservists, most of whom have been recalled from good shore jobs and comfortable homes, were summoned to Portsmouth, Chatham, and Devonport to be registered, medically examined, issued with kit, and drafted to one of the 133 ships of the Home and Reserve Fleets which for the next two months will be on a war footing. It was a truly brilliant effort, accomplished with clock-work precision, and when the King inspects the Reserve Fleet at Weymouth on August 9 he will see it properly organised into the squadrons and flotillas in which it will operate during the subsequent exercises at sea. For two months the Reserve Fleet will be at full strength, and thereafter the Reservists will return to their homes, conscious of duty well done, and the ships will once again be committed to the charge of their nucleus crews. The zeal and cheerfulness of the men is most marked and it is obvious that many of them regard this spell of duty with their old service in the light of a holiday, arduous though it may be. In this picture, taken at the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, Alfred Young (left), aged fifty-three, with twenty-six years' service in the Navy, and E. Cusack, aged forty-eight, with twenty-five years' service, are seen enjoying tea and rolls before leaving to join their ships

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A RADIANT FIGURE: While a little girl in her party frock looks on enraptured, the Queen walks by in a striking new full-length dress style. A picture taken in the grounds of Grove House, Regent's Park, where Her Majesty attended a garden party last week in aid of the St. Marylebone Housing Association Building Fund

THE QUEEN TALKS WITH AN INVALID GUEST at the Grove House garden party in aid of St. Marylebone Housing Association Building Fund. Her Majesty wore a dress and bolero of lilac crepe embroidered in the same colour, and a straw hat to match, with an upturned brim. An ostrich feather boa accentuated the slender lines

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, August 2, 1939.

THE HUDSON–WOHLTAT TALKS.

—I confess myself fuddled by the whole business of the Hudson–Wohltat talks. They are ancient history now. July 20 is in the limbo. Probably no one remembers anything about them. What happened? The *Telegraph* had a great splash about these talks on the same day on which *The Times* was practically silent about them. That was puzzling. Either Mr. Hudson himself or someone else disclosed that Herr Wohltat proposed the talks and that they were unofficial. Broad lines were discussed of an ultimate settlement of the present intolerable, impossible, dangerous situation in Europe. If Germany would first agree to a measure of disarmament she might in return receive financial help for adapting her industrial life from war to peace production. (An international loan of umpteen millions was mentioned?) She might become a partner with other peace-minded nations in developing the world's resources, notably those of colonial Africa, under some form of condominium. Not a new plan, of course, but, as reported and apparently as officially confirmed, an old plan broadly discussed between a member of the Government and General Göring's right-hand man, and apparently at the suggestion of the latter. What were the reactions when the thing became known? The Premier was instantly badgered about it in Parliament. He damned Mr. Hudson with faint praise. Mr. Hudson had done nothing intrinsically wicked, had done what he did entirely off his own bat but within the terms of his brief. And then M.P.s and journalists of various kinds pointed out how cowardly and wicked Mr. Hudson had been, how busy-body and how inept. He had upset our applecart and had given Germany new hope that Britain was once more weakening, was positively going back to that wicked policy of *appeasement*, was jettisoning her new-sharpened sword. Well, one might justifiably admit to being puzzled. Are we, in a month or so, so utterly confirmed in a *volte-face* against the Premier's policy of leaving no stone unturned which may conceal an ultimate means of settlement of a situation which is leading all of us to bankruptcy? And how else ultimately will settlement come except by the trite methods discussed by Mr. Hudson and Herr Wohltat? What else could Mr. Hudson do? We are left with the impression that he should have told Herr Wohltat to go to hell and thrown a brick after him, to show him how bloodthirsty Britain is, and how prepared. In my opinion, Mr. Hudson's flagrant crime lay not in responding to Herr Wohltat but in blabbing about it or suffering the talk to leak out (or not preventing leakage). He and every minister should take every opportunity that may arise to talk friendly and frankly with Axis statesmen and representatives, of ways to peace and settlement, while Britain presses on with defence. The whole affair is a flagrant example of the weaknesses of our theory of democracy in times of acute danger. There would be no European crisis to-day if men were dumb and deaf and printing not invented. It was a more dangerous invention even than flying.

CRITICISING THE PREMIER.

—Several people have written to me, some with a warmth that interfered with grammar, condemning me for criticising Sir Archibald Sinclair for his persistent attacks on the Premier in these dangerous times. Most of them said that the Premier has now completely lost the confidence of the country. It doesn't seem to me to matter much what they said about the Premier, or to be necessary to catalogue the reasons given for the view that the Premier is to-day a public danger. Perhaps he is; perhaps he is doing the impossible job as well as another would. (No one in the last year has emerged with a clear-cut policy as the potential saviour of this country.) What is unanswerable is this blazing dilemma: If Sir Archibald Sinclair is free to say what he pleases in criticism of the Premier in this hour of his trial and ours, I, a humble, ignorant scribe, enjoy the same right under our democratic charter to say what I like about Sir Archibald. I have never concealed my opinions of the misuse of this much-prized right of free speech in times of danger. But, so long as it exists, what is sauce for Sir Goose is sauce for the old Gander. That at least is logic and British justice, and it sets the foolscap on the heads of those who criticise me for criticising Sir Archibald for criticising Mr. Chamberlain.

ENEMY OF IRELAND.—

Mrs. Tom Clarke, Lord Mayor of Dublin, no doubt has bitter memories but I do not know that she has given a very good indication of feminine logic or historic knowledge in her first gestures. It is oblique enough and petty enough to refuse to wear her ceremonial chain of office because it had been presented to the city by William of Orange, and to insist on the removal from the Mansion House of a beautiful portrait of Queen Victoria as a young woman, on the ground that the Queen was always an enemy of Ireland. William of Orange has been dead a long time and Queen Victoria's girlhood is remote, too, and was innocent of Irish blood. I wonder if Mrs. Clarke ever heard of a visit paid to Ireland at the end of last century by a dying old woman, blind and almost paralysed; how she laboured at ceremonial functions, and how the Irish cheered her to the echo wherever she went, in chivalrous appreciation of her great pluck and devotion. If she was the enemy of Ireland she never showed it then or before in public. Privately she had personal cause enough to remember the tragedies of her reign connected with the name of Ireland. But to lay upon her the mismanagement which dated from the reign of Queen Elizabeth and was based on bitter faults on both sides, is neither logical nor broadminded. It is, on the contrary, cattish or trivial. It has, in polite and civilised form, the attributes of illogicality and cattishness which in terrible and barbarous manner distinguish the murderous outrages of the I.R.A. thugs.

KING ALFONSO.

—Paris believed a report that last week King Alfonso met in secret at Lausanne some leading Spanish Monarchists. He was reported to have declared to them that he never abdicated in favour of his son, Prince Juan, or anyone else (which is true); that he never took sides or any part in the civil war (also true); that under General Franco or the Falangists Spain can never obtain unity, pacification, or freedom; that if a plebiscite of the country calls for a Monarchy once more, he will willingly return and carry out a policy of pacification among political parties and try to secure unity through political freedom. It is said that a group of Socialists support him as well as do the Monarchists. The obstacles to his return are: Franco (perhaps), Falangism, the rival claims of Prince Xavier of Bourbon,

TELEVISION'S POPULAR COMMERE: Announcer Jasmine Bligh wearing a stylish trousered outfit as she faced the television camera before commentating on a parade of beachwear which was televised from Roehampton Pool

and the divided views of half a dozen fiercely contentious political parties. But if King Alfonso ever came back, I fancy he would have shed what to the Bourbons is and was the last infirmity—inability to profit from the lessons of history. Personally, King Alfonso was always a good mixer, a good fellow, at heart democratic, a very brave man. But all his reign he was wrapped in a cocoon of privilege, bad, old and selfish traditions, cast-iron forms and medieval autocracy. He could never succeed in piercing through the walls of obstinate conservatism which hedged him in, the old traditions of an outworn court smothered him. If he regained his throne, I feel sure that he would never let those walls grow up round him again. He would take a note from Britain and see that his throne was set in the open and in close touch of the people. He would see to it that his personal quality had a chance to function.

By

THE OLD STAGER

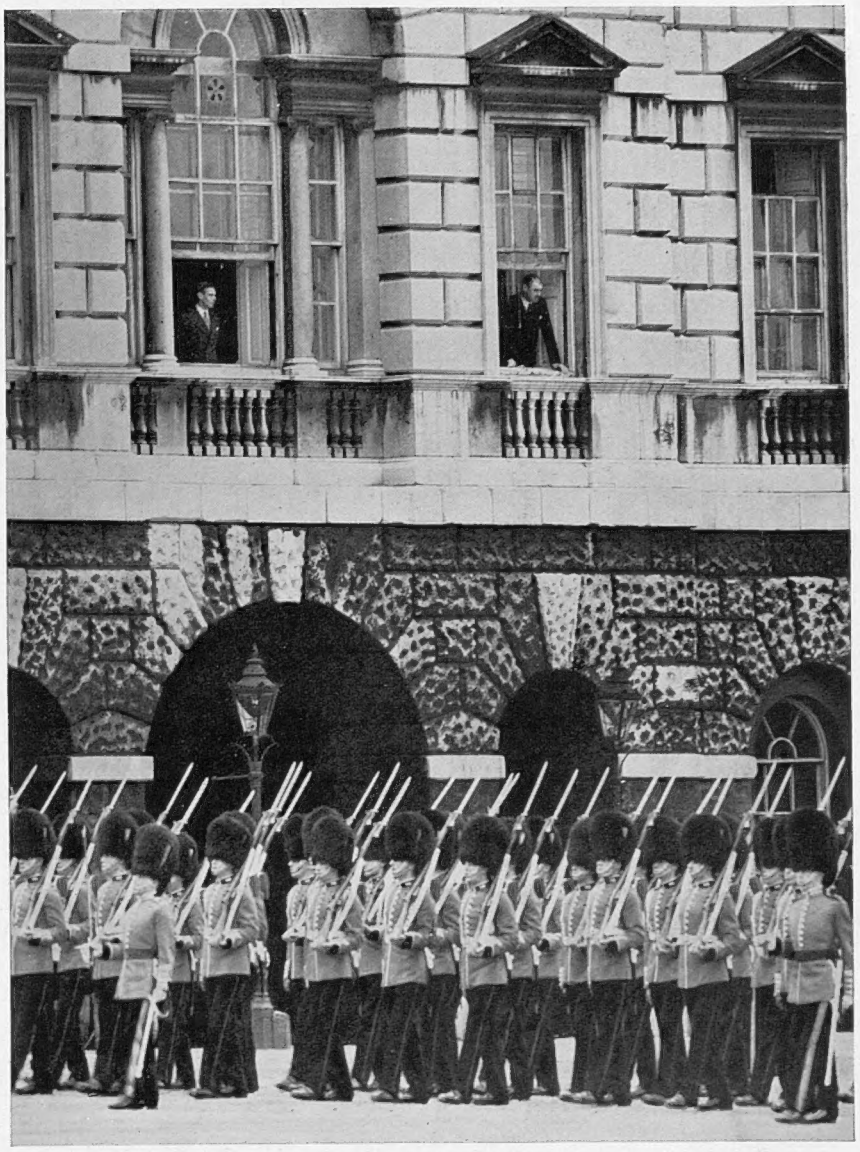
SHOPKEEPER GOVERNMENT.—An extract from an Oxford Corporation town planning committee report was given publicity in *The Times* recently. "A complete internal ring road system is impossible having regard to the existence of colleges which on account of their historic interest, beauty, and the part they play in attracting tourist traffic, should not be touched." It is a gem indeed. Mr. Gill thought so because of the absence of any reference to the educational uses of colleges. Myself, I value highest that "attracting tourist traffic." It seems that All Souls, Magdalen, New College, St. John's, etc., may escape being converted into motor roads so long as they continue to attract gapers who may open their purses for Oxford shopkeepers. And there you have in a nutshell the whole kernel of the problem of preserving England from vandalism. It is not that we are a nation of shopkeepers, but that the nation is under the local control and governance of men with the minds and education of the pettiest and narrowest type of small trader.

TOM HAYWARD.—His name still thrills those of us who knew the great days of county cricket in the Edwardian age. Himself a giant, he was a link between the giants of the old and the new world. He links Lohmann, Hirst and Richardson, yes, and W.G., with Trumper, Foster, Ranji, MacLaren, Hobbs. He made his 100 centuries, the first to do so after W.G., and once made 3,500 runs in a single year. Yet he was no flasher; he was a stolid bat of impenetrable defence; indeed his attack was defensive and he scored quickly enough. Hayward and Hobbs were among the most famous, prolific and sure opening pair who ever sweetened the start of great county or Test matches, and when in my youth we used to compile an eleven of H's to beat the Rest of England, Tom's name stood first in our list. People have forgotten that he once took 100 wickets in a season. He was a medium, right-arm bowler but he did not care to bowl. I can see him now in his old chocolate cap, weather-beaten like the face under it. Yes, it takes one back to the giants to remember this rock-like batsman who took the game so deadly seriously; and recalls the flaming posters of the late '90's:—"Marvellous bowling by Richardson," "Hayward's huge score." Those were the days when cricket was more important than Europe. And he was only 68!

HUMOUR OR GLUTTONY?—A "letter to *The Times*" or a paragraph in a gossip column does not always have a life longer than a butterfly's. But in one instance under my notice, one of each of these have been discussed heatedly in my circle of friends for weeks. Was the letter a leg-pull or humourless, sheer gluttony? The subject was picnics or how to make the best of things at an open-air meal. "There is a lane in Hampshire leading down to the Solent, on the shore of which one or two cars at most can park, and on the wall at the corner of the strand—kindly cemented on the top to form a flat and convenient buffet—I have often laid a cloth and enjoyed a winter picnic. With one's back to the sun—even a winter sun—and the Solent, smoked salmon and wholemeal bread and butter, accompanied by a glass of fairly rich sherry, a cold duck or a boiled chicken with a bottle of Montrachet, plum cake, followed by cheese sandwiches and a pre-decanted vintage port of 1917, and topped up with a vacuum flask of black coffee, a 1906 brandy and a good cigar, will give one a sense of well-being that no lunch indoors in winter can equal." "In summer on top of the Berkshire, Hampshire or Sussex Downs, a melon off the ice, salmon trout with mayonnaise, well flavoured with chives, a whole cucumber, strawberries and cream—this accompanied by sherry, a 1937 still Moselle out of the ice bucket, and the usual coffee, cigar and brandy will certainly make a picnic worthy of Epicurus." "A well-trained chauffeur-butler, who does all the cleaning up and packing, leaving no scrap of rubbish behind, will ensure the happy picnickers freedom to sleep or ramble." Anxious inquiries at the source confirmed that this letter was published in good faith as a serious contribution to the subject of simple picnic fare and simple life in the open air!

A REFUGEE WINS MARATHON SWIM: Miss Ruth Langer, an Austrian girl, being applauded after her victory in the ladies' long distance swimming championship which took place in the Thames last Saturday between Kew and Putney

SKYE.—No part of Britain has a more active publicity agent than Skye. Mr. Seton Gordon is that man, and usually he makes our mouths water with his picture of the misty island bathed in perpetual sunshine. Indeed, I had come to believe that skies in Skye are always cloudless until I arrive at Kyle of Lochalsh. But last week Mr. Gordon had another tale to tell—a more doleful and characteristic picture of Skye. Between July 1 and July 15 Skye might potentially enjoy 200 hours of sunshine. Her actual ration during that fortnight was 2·7 hours! And with the gloom fell 6 ins. of rain. That is more like the traditional Skye. Well, we didn't do much better 20 miles from sunny Bognor. We needn't look down our noses at the Hebrides. The last time I remember the sun to have shone with any promise of continuance for a few hours was in mid June. Since then we have lived under mildewed skies. A good time for all is surely coming.



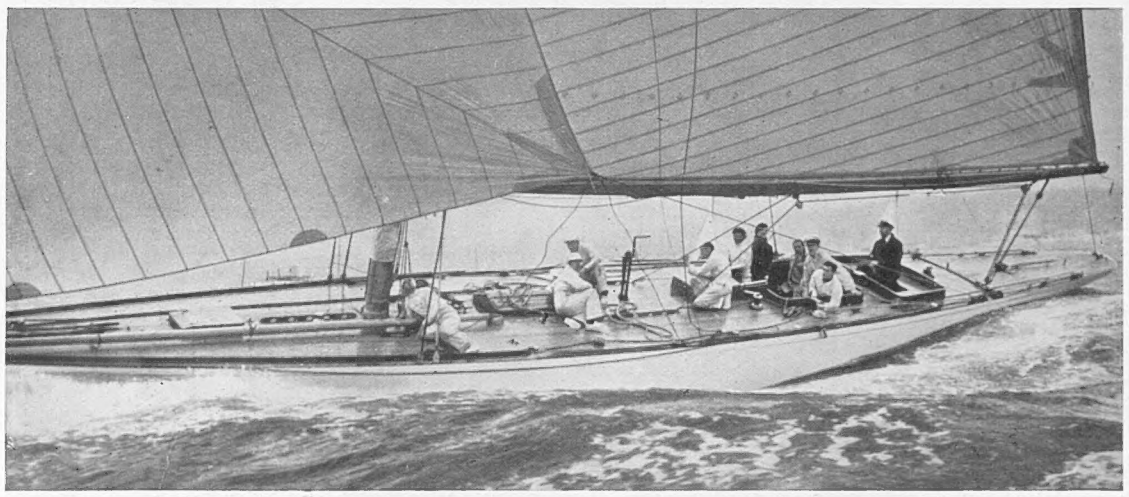
TO BE OR NOT TO BE: That is the question confronting the King who has to decide whether Trooping the Colour shall be carried out in future in the newly adopted threes formation, which has been designed essentially for work in the field, or whether the old order shall remain. His Majesty is seen watching the men parade in threes from a window above the Horse Guards. Although the demonstration had not been rehearsed it was carried through in magnificent style, and at the finish many officers who looked on expressed themselves as less doubtful than they had been of the possibilities of the new formation for use on ceremonial occasions

GAS HELMETS FOR BABIES are now being made in large quantities, and at this Hendon factory work is being carried on at top speed to meet the demands of the A.R.P. authorities. Until now there has been no outfit for very young children

RED PLANET.—Mars is now devilish close to the earth. Look on a clear night to the south-east and you will see its wicked red bull's eye winking at you towards midnight. It is closer to-day than it has been for fifteen years, it is only a matter of miles away, say thirty-six million miles. A big telescope makes light of that. Greenwich is switched on Mars. Will the canal system have been widened and duplicated? In fifteen years we have done quite a lot to change the earth's appearance for the worse. Must we suppose that the Men of Mars have been kicking their iron-shod heels? I shouldn't be surprised to learn from Greenwich that these canals are not trade waterways at all, but an old and elaborate form of A.R.P. I think they are trenches, and for all I know the earth is the feared aggressor. There have been very heavy falls of snow on Mars lately, we hear from America. So heavy that the Cup Final had to be postponed.

THRILLING YACHT DUELS AT COWES

A BRILLIANT VISITOR TO BRITISH WATERS: Mr. Harold Vanderbilt's yacht *Vim*, which has been dominating the 12-metre class since she started racing on this side of the Atlantic at the beginning of the summer, seen leading *Jenetta*. At Cowes, however, she has not had it all her own way and on the first day Mr. Sopwith sailed *Tomahawk* to such purpose that she got the better of her rival by 30 secs. Last Monday *Tomahawk* again won the decision, but this time because of *Vim's* infringement of the rules



"TOMAHAWK" IN ACTION: Mr. Sopwith's fine yacht pictured at Cowes during one of her exciting races with Mr. Harold Vanderbilt's *Vim*. Mr. Sopwith and Mr. Vanderbilt are old America's Cup rivals and, with their two 12-metre class yachts, they are fighting duels every bit as interesting as those that they provided with the big "J" class boats *Rainbow* and *Endeavour*. It was a matter for regret that *Vim* was forbidden by the rules to take part in last Tuesday's King's Cup, which *Tomahawk* won easily. *Below*—8-metre yachts in close order

A HOWARD WEDS:

LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ST. PHILIP NERI: Mr. Colin Davidson, the only surviving son of the late Colonel Leslie Davidson, and his bride, Lady Rachel Fitzalan-Howard, the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Norfolk, after their wedding at Arundel last Monday

LONDON SOCIETY CONGREGATES AT ARUNDEL: A glimpse of the fashionable throng outside the Roman Catholic Church of St. Philip Neri after the marriage of the Duke of Norfolk's sister to Mr. Colin Davidson.

IN MADONNA-BLUE SILK CREPE: Three of the bridesmaids at Lady Rachel Howard's wedding standing with two of the child attendants. The girls wore skilfully-fashioned coronets of blue petals to match their frocks and they all carried white bouquets

ARUNDEL'S BIG DAY

THE FORMAL POSE: The bride and bridegroom, the best man (the Hon. James Stuart, M.P.), and one of the pages, pictured after the big wedding. The bridegroom, Mr. Colin Davidson, is Clerk of the House of Lords and Taxing Master of Private Bills

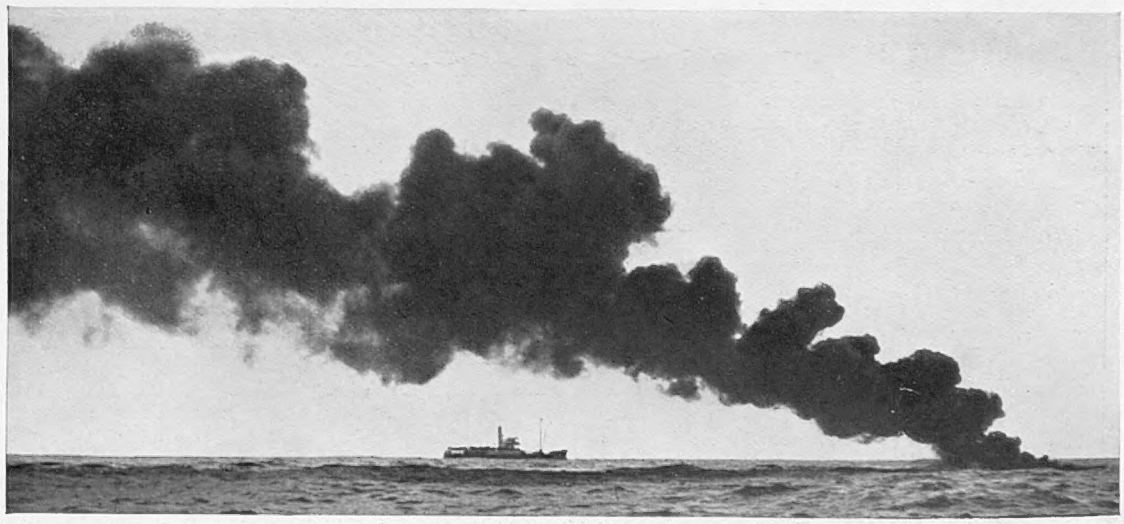
The Duchess of Gloucester and Queen Victoria Eugenie were among the 1,000 guests, as also were many tenants on the Duke of Norfolk's estate. Before leaving for their Continental honeymoon the couple drove round the town

OFF TO THE CONTINENT: The bride and bridegroom walking through the grounds of Arundel Castle before joining their car and setting out on the honeymoon, which is being spent on an extensive motoring tour of Europe. Lady Rachel is thirty-four years of age

MARS LOOMS CLOSE TO THE EARTH

Drawn by Clatworthy

A PLANET SWIMS INTO THE WORLD'S KEN: This diagram has been specially made for "The Sphere" and shows how the surface of Mars appears to the astronomer looking through a 28-in. refractor telescope of the type installed at Greenwich. On the evening of July 27 Mars was nearer to the earth than it has been since 1924, and it will not again be so close until 1956. The circumstances of the present apparition were not favourable for observers in the northern hemisphere, but in Bloemfontein, South Africa, Dr. Slipher has been able to study the planet under moderately satisfactory conditions. He reports that there was a great snowstorm on Mars early last week and that millions of square miles of its northern hemisphere were buried in snow. Although it is still only possible to see the relatively coarse features of the planet's surface, astronomers state that changes of coloration in various regions in harmony with the seasons are well established



ENDANGERING NAVIGATION IN THE CHANNEL: Benzine still burning on the surface of the water some 20 miles off Looe, Cornwall, four days after the French tanker *Sunik*, with 5,000 tons of benzine on board, had come into collision with a Swedish steamer. The latter limped into Falmouth, but the *Sunik* sank. The flaming barrier, which at one time stretched for half a mile, lay right across the main path of shipping

A MID-AIR FUELLING FEAT

Britain's Atlantic air-mail service is due to start to-day (Saturday), and it was arranged that the flying boat, in order to carry a larger load than would otherwise have been possible, should leave its base and then receive 1,000 gallons of petrol in mid-air, just as it is being done in this picture taken during a rehearsal over Southampton Water last week. The tanker is flying above, and its hose is about to be drawn in to the stern of the mail plane

FASTEST IN LAND WARFARE

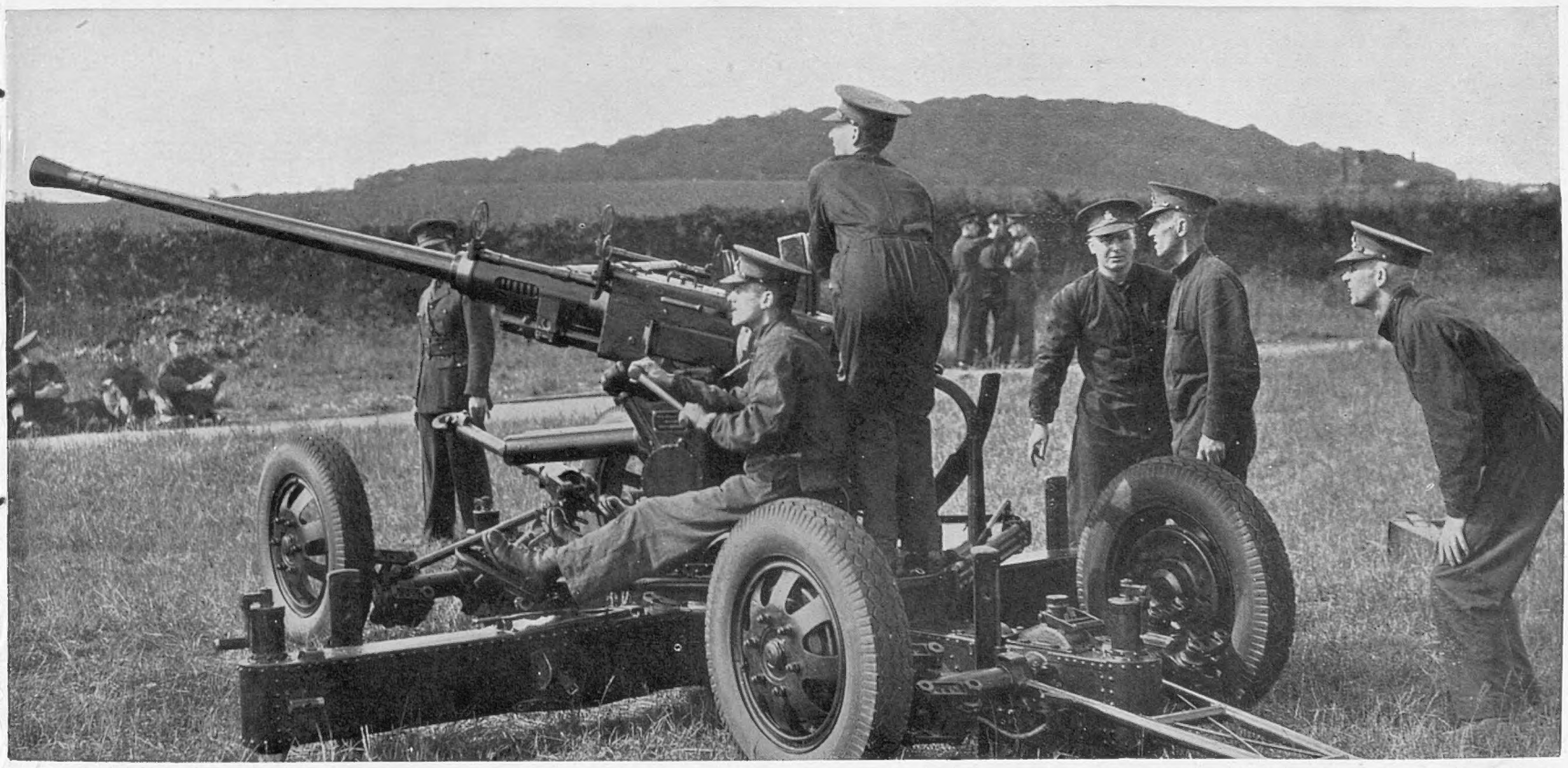
Armoured cars of the 3rd County of London Yeomanry (Sharpshooters) held up by obstacles placed on a bridge by the "enemy" during exercises in the neighbourhood of Popham Camp, Micheldever, near Basingstoke. The Sharpshooters belong to the fastest moving branch of the modern army and in a day of mobile reconnaissance they cover an immense amount of ground

Land, Sea, and Air Activities:

Fuelling the Atlantic Mail Plane—A New Torpedo Boat—The Bofors in Action

Motor torpedo boats are being perfected by every major power and this example, which was demonstrated on Southampton Water last week to representatives of the Admiralty, has shown that she can travel at 45½ knots when carrying 2 tons above the normal load. She has two torpedoes, several guns and six depth charges, and is manned by a crew of six. There are two propellers and each shaft is driven by two Lorraine 690-h.p. engines

FASTEST IN SEA WARFARE



Men of the City of London Yeomanry, 31st Battery Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, handling a quick-firing Bofors A.-A. gun at Stiffkey Camp, Norfolk. The Bofors acts in a supplementary capacity to the 3-in. and 3·7-in. gun, being able to deal effectively with planes that fly too low for pieces of large calibre. The man seated beside the gun is laying for elevation through the open sights

WARNING TO HEDGE-HOPPERS

BENEATH TIENTSIN'S BURNING SUN

How Life in the British Concession Necessitates the Coming and Going Through the Guarded Barriers

WHILE their future is being decided in Tokyo, residents of the British Concession in Tientsin continue to live within live-wire barricades.

Some 46,000 people are shut into an area of 950 acres. About 42,000 of them are Chinese. Of the remaining 4,000 the majority are British subjects, several hundred are Russian, and there are Americans, Portuguese, Germans, and, until the blockade began, about fifty Japanese lived in the British Concession and carried on their business there, including two of Japan's leading banks. It is reported that the cargo removed in June from Japanese warehouses in the Concession amounted to 50,000 tons.

From this analysis it can be seen that Britons are the minority in the British Concession, and that the blockade aimed at them hits thousands of others.

The positions held by Britons range from managerships of banks and large commercial concerns to jobs as warehouse-keepers and merchant seamen. The same is true of the American and German residents. The Russians, of whom there are altogether 5,000 in Greater Tientsin, are generally poor and many of them live on a scale little better than that of the small Chinese tradesman. Some 200 of the Russians in the British Concession are Soviet subjects. Another 100 or so are exiled White Russians loyal to the old imperial regime. International politics cause strong repercussions here and groups of Russians may be seen any morning in Victoria Park agitatedly discussing the day's news. In Japanese-controlled areas of Tientsin a band of 300 White Russians are united in an anti-Communist movement sponsored by the Japanese. They publish their own daily paper—one of two Russian dailies in Tientsin.

The British Concession maintains a Chinese police force of 700 men. Anti-British agitators have been trying to demoralise this force by threatening injury to the men's families who live outside the Concession. As an emergency force there is also a Volunteer Corps of 100 civilians, half British and half Russian, with a sprinkling of other nationals. About half of the British North China garrison—maintained since the Boxer uprising—is now in Tientsin. The patrolling of the Concession is being carried on by these men of the Durham Light Infantry.

Retail shops are almost entirely Chinese except for dress shops run by Russians. Russians also conduct most of the beauty parlours.

Foreign housewives seldom go to market themselves, but usually send their Chinese cooks to buy fresh meat, fish, and vegetables. This is an economy, as the stallholders speak only Chinese, and are much too shrewd for the average foreigner in the matter of "talking price." The cook brings chickens and fish home alive to be sure that they are fresh and healthy, since there is no Food Control Board in China and conditions are far from hygienic.

During the blockade the market stalls have been almost empty. Under pretence of examining the boat loads of fresh vegetables that arrive daily by river, the Japanese have held these up under a burning sun till they became unfit to eat. Milk, too, has been kept waiting for hours while milk cans have been opened and probed into till the milk has soured. Fortunately the Concession has had adequate stores of tinned goods including dried milk, though prices for these have risen as much as 70 per cent. in the past few weeks. Meat and coal are other commodities that have been held up, while the lack of ice—there is only one artificial ice plant within the Concession—has been responsible for the loss of some of the food that passed the barriers. Some of the well-to-do foreigners and Chinese have refrigerators but these are a small minority.

It is impossible to imagine conditions in the blockaded Concession without taking into consideration the intense heat—100 deg. day after day. One practically lives under an electric fan. It is the heat, as well as the generally unhygienic conditions of street life, that make it necessary for foreigners to have native servants, and that make it necessary for them to have sports clubs and recreation grounds apart from the unclean masses. A walk through the streets of a Chinese city, with germ-laden dust blowing up from a thousand hidden sources of infection, is not wholesome exercise, nor is it a safe place for children to promenade with their nurses. This is the reason why the interned residents of Tientsin continue to risk unpleasant incidents at the barriers in order to get out for a breathing while to their Country Club in the German Concession and to the Race Club in Chinese territory—both now under Japanese control.

DAILY THE SCENE OF INCIDENTS: Japanese guards on duty near the entrance to the British Concession at Tientsin. Since the blockade began it has been their invariable practice to question all passers and to submit many of them to the utmost indignities. Beyond the wire barrier, which is very heavily charged with electric current, British soldiers can be seen on duty

Many foreign residents have their business outside the Concession. The Yee Tsung Tobacco Company, which employs a large British staff, has its offices in the ex-Russian Concession. Mr. Cecil Davis, who was treated to humiliating indignities by Japanese sentries, is the owner and manager of a carpet factory in the ex-German Concession. Mrs. Finlay, who was stripped at the Woodrow Wilson Street barrier, is the manageress of the Country Club and was on her way to her work. Mr. Ivor House, whose name appeared almost regularly for a time as a victim of Japanese searchers, is an employee of a British firm within the Concession, but as an amateur jockey he must go daily to the Race Club to exercise the ponies under his charge.

The Chinese who live outside the Concession but do business within, have had as much difficulty getting in as Britons have had getting out. One prominent Chinese merchant said it took him two days to get past the barriers. Thousands of coolies employed in loading and unloading cargo at the Concession wharves are kept waiting in queues for hours, and then only a small percentage of them are allowed to pass. Chinese clerks, of whom every foreign bank and commercial firm employs large staffs, have been delayed daily in getting to their desks.

Co-operation between the several districts of Tientsin has always been so free that there has been no need to try to make any Concession self-sufficient. For some reason most of the city's laundries are located in the ex-German Concession and very few of these are now allowed to reach their customers in the British Concession. A Japanese sentry at the Woodrow Wilson Street barrier was seen kicking laundry about the street while he lectured the laundryman on the evil practice of "washing the foreigners' dirty linen."

It is estimated that nearly 80,000 Chinese are affected by the blockade. The most sinister aspect of the situation is that while they are kept waiting in long queues at the seven barriers they are given handbills which explain that their loss of work and wages is due entirely to British obstinacy.

The heat—100 deg.—must again be considered if one is to realise the annoyance inflicted by the Japanese decree that no rickshaws may enter the property of a British shipping firm at Tangku. This means that British and Chinese employees must walk through north China dust for half a mile under a burning sun both coming and going to their work.

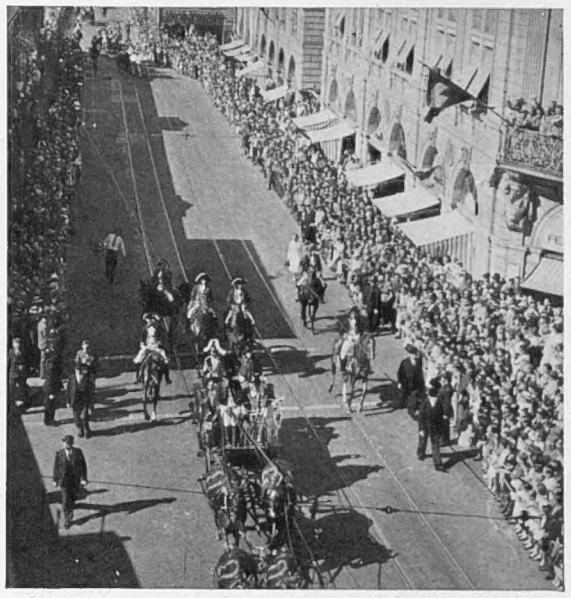
Some people in England have wondered why all the foreign women and children don't leave Tientsin for seaside places for the entire duration of the blockade. For most of those who do not it is a question of cost. But others have been prevented from going to Tsingtao, one of the most popular resorts, because that port has been declared unsafe this year due to anti-British riots. And there had been much uncertainty about the safety of Chinwangtao and Peitaiho until British gunboats were dispatched there.

Although business within the Concession is practically at a standstill British residents are standing by in order to safeguard their treaty rights and their property pending the results of the Tokyo conference.

F. E. Dean

WAITING TO BE ADMITTED TO THE BRITISH CONCESSION: Chinese gather outside the barriers every day and are often kept waiting several hours by the Japanese guards before they are allowed to pass

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR VISITS ZURICH: Sir Frank Bowater and Lady Bowater pictured on arrival in the city, where they were given a great reception. A principal object of the visit was to tour the Swiss Exhibition



A WARM WELCOME: This was the scene in one of the main streets of Zurich as London's Lord Mayor drove to the Rathaus where he was officially welcomed

COMMEMORATING A GREAT DATE IN FLYING HISTORY: Madame Bleriot, widow of the late M. Louis Bleriot, and M. Guy Le Chambre, the French Air Minister, at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, where they were guests of honour at a dinner given to mark the thirtieth anniversary of Bleriot's historic channel crossing

GENERAL CARMONA IN MOZAMBIQUE: The President of the Portuguese Republic, who is making a tour of Portugal's colonial possessions and also visiting South Africa, pictured on arrival at Lourenço Marques

A WEEK OF VISITING

FLIGHT

MASS FLIGHT OVER BELFAST: These Avro-Anson reconnaissance aircraft of No. 269 Squadron flew from Scotland last week and roared in formation above Ulster's capital

YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR CAPES: The short capes with the flying emblems proclaim that these nurses are attached to the R.A.F. They are standing beneath the flag outside Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Hospital at Halton

SAILORS TAKE WINGS: A bearded pilot climbing into his machine (*above*) and a bluejacket wheeling forward part of an undercarriage (*right*) when assisting in an assembly demonstration. Both pictures come from Lee-on-Solent, the former Royal Air Force Station which has been taken over by the Royal Navy under the new arrangement whereby the Fleet Air Arm is transferred to the jurisdiction of the Admiralty. Previously there was a system of dual control

GERMANY'S EXPANDED ARMY: A First-Hand Observer Records His Views

A GOOD PROPAGANDA PICTURE: German troops guarding the route as Baron von Neurath, Protector of Bohemia and Moravia, was about to enter Prague in order to take up his duties. The smiling children joyously waving Nazi flags gave the impression, erroneous though it was, that all was well with the Czech people. Since the occupation the German officers and men garrisoned in Prague have been cold-shouldered by most of the Czechs

HITLER'S triumphs have so far been bloodless ones. But the changes he has wrought in the map of Europe have not been exactly the product of agreements freely entered into by the various countries concerned. The German army and the threat of force are the tools that Hitler has used to build up the Third Reich. Nor, to do him justice, would he have had it otherwise. The whole National Socialist régime is deliberately and openly based on force and its philosophy teaches that war is the highest form of man's activity. It is thus a matter of more than academic interest to form some idea of what the German army is really like.

As an observing officer in the Sudetenland after the Munich Agreement of last September I was able to see a certain amount of the German troops under more or less active service conditions. I remember one general whom I got to know because his troops made rather a habit of overstepping the official line. He grew quite friendly. "What do you think of my men?" he asked one day. "Oh, a very good-looking lot, general," I answered, tactfully. "No, they're not," he replied, "and you know it. They're nothing like what they were when I was a boy. Damned awful, I call them." "Damned awful" was an exaggeration. But allowing for the natural prejudice which comes to all of us with advancing years in favour of the mighty men of our mighty youth, there was something in what he said.

Any experienced soldier can form some idea of the spirit and temper of a body of men from their general bearing and the look on their faces. There was a sort of massive strength and self-confidence about the pre-war German soldier which was one of the factors that carried him through the years 1914-18 with considerable credit to himself and the army he represented. After the war, too, the Reichswehr soldiers one saw made an excellent impression. It would be surprising if they had not: the 100,000 Reichswehr, recruiting only 8,000 men annually, was a *corps d'élite*. But the bulk of the Germans one saw after the war—and I spent the years 1920 to 1930 in western Germany, first with the army of occupation and, later, running a factory employing 1,000 German workpeople—compared very unfavourably with French or British crowds.

Whenever I spent a few days in London I used to be struck with the firmness of mouth and the steadiness of eye of the people one saw in the streets. They were a tremendous contrast to the Germans to whom one was accustomed, with their rather loose mouths and a look about the eyes which betrayed the fact that they were not sure of themselves. The state of their own "nerves" was a staple topic of conversation among Germans of all classes in the post-war years.

To-day these same people and their sons are once more in the army. One has only to look at the faces of the young soldiers to see the strain and the lack of real assurance underneath the rather heavily assumed mask of soldierly impassivity. These don't look like troops that have not yet been blooded. They look more like men who are in need of a rest after a particularly gruelling spell in the line.

This factor of nerve strain seems to me to be of primary importance in judging the present German army as a fighting force. The Germans have been living under conditions of strain ever since 1914. An illuminating sidelight on this is that when a German speaks of "Friedenszeiten'—literally, peace-time—he means what we call pre-war days. When I left Germany in 1930 the effects of this continual strain were very noticeable. Middle-aged men used to burst into tears when spoken to about some minor fault. One of my fellow-directors produced a gun in the office one morning, apropos of nothing in particular, and had to be tactfully dissuaded from shooting himself. The strain has increased enormously under the Nazi regime, and "guns instead of butter" is not the best treatment for overwrought nerves. One wonders how they would stand up to the privations and strain of modern war.

In other ways, too, the German army is clearly a less formidable instrument in 1939 than in 1914. In 1914 it was trained to a hair. A French friend of mine, a keen professional soldier, was wounded at the Marne and lay out all day on ground over which the German troops were working. He told me that he almost forgot the pain of his wound for the sheer pleasure of watching what he described as the best trained infantry he had ever seen in his life. In those days the man-power of the nation had been passed through the ranks for generations and an enormous trained reserve built up.

HOW GERMANY'S INFANTRY TRAVEL: Troops seated in the lorries in which they would be conveyed to the scene of action in time of war. There are six men on each side, and above each driver's cab is a hood that can be spread out over steel supports

To-day the German army has recently undergone a 1,000 per cent. expansion, carried out—at any rate prior to the re-occupation of the Rhineland in 1936—under conditions of secrecy. A 1,000 per cent. is about the magnitude of the expansion that the British army underwent in the course of the last war. We know the nature and magnitude of the problems that this involved for us. Their troubles are certainly not less, and they are an infinitely less adaptable people than we are. To take one point alone. The Reichswehr had 4,000 active officers, and very good they were. The expanded army required 30,000, and they had to be produced at short notice. Anybody who had had any military experience whatsoever was dug up and put into uniform.

TYPICAL OF THE NEW GERMAN ARMY are the faces of these youthful German infantrymen as they take the oath of allegiance at a swearing-in ceremony in Potsdam Lustgarten

But that was not enough. A national army requires an adequate supply of reserve officers, particularly in the junior

(Continued on page 222)

POLAND'S FA

ON May 3, Poland's National Holiday commemorating the establishment of their Constitution in 1791, there was a review of those troops comprising the garrison of Warsaw. This garrison is composed of almost every branch of the Polish army, and no one who saw that parade could fail to be impressed by the bearing and the physique of the men marching past the War Minister, who was taking the salute. It was said that the parade was smaller than usual, as the army being largely mobilised, the greatest part were at their "war stations."

In a grand stand facing the Avenue Ujazdowskie, where five roads run fan-wise from the Park, the guests of the Government watched the defiling of infantry, cavalry, gunners (with batteries both horsed and mechanical) and sappers. Anti-tank guns followed anti-aircraft batteries and Territorial formations followed the President's body-guard, descendants of the famous Winged Hussars of the seventeenth century. An impressive sight was the passage of many infantry formations consisting of corps made up from railwaymen, from Post Office employees, tramwaymen and wireless experts. They were followed by representatives of all the women's services, nurses and transport drivers, many of whom marched with no less military precision than that shown by the men who preceded them.

A row of foreign military attachés watched the proceedings and their verdict on the various branches of the services represented could not have been other than favourable. The army represented on Constitution Day has a glorious history and traditions, forming a most valuable background for the establishment of an "esprit" which is wholly admirable. Poland fought bitter wars with Sweden in the seventeenth century, and struggled against the rising power of Russia at the same time.

It was in 1683 that the Polish army under King John Sobieski defeated the Turks at Vienna. The three "partitions" destroyed the Polish army, but in 1794, that great General Kosciusko re-created it and fought gallantly for Poland's independence until 1795 when the third partition eliminated Poland's army for over 100 years. Apart from his service to his own country, Kosciusko was chiefly responsible for the creation of West Point, America's "Sandhurst."

The military observer is struck by the small proportion of mechanisation which has taken place in the Polish army, but as one travels about through the country one observes the difficulties which would hamper an entirely mechanised force. There are, of

HEAVY ARTILLERY DRAWN UP FOR MANŒUVRES: They are mounted on solid rubber tyres

ITH IN CAVALRY: Units That Could Play a Vital Part in a Defensive War

POLAND'S PRIDE: Her mounted troops are among the finest in Europe, and there is no doubt that if Poland was ever invaded these forces would play a vital part in the ensuing campaign. They would have the advantage over all mechanised units in view of the fact that Poland has comparatively poor road communications in many areas. All the cavalry regiments have the machine gun as their dominant weapon

course, main roads with metalled surfaces joining the large centres of population, but generally speaking only about one-tenth of Poland is adequately supplied with roads. That tenth is chiefly the old Silesia, and vast areas of eastern Poland (including Galicia) are furnished with mud roads only. On the vast wheat plains there are many low-lying swampy areas which would be death to a mechanised force.

The Poles realise this and have developed a large force of horsed cavalry which is highly efficient and no doubt best suited to the terrain over which they would have to fight if warfare was carried into their own country. The horse used is a very useful type of light charger, extraordinarily uniform in size and colour, a charger which gets "over the top of the ground" where a heavier animal would flounder in the mud. These horses show a very definite strain of the pure-bred Arab and some of them "carry their flags" like the Arabs portrayed in Kossak's paintings.

Poland has well over 1,000,000 men under arms. In normal times 55 per cent. of her total revenues goes on military expenditure, and no

POLISH ANTI-TANK GUNS: These formidable weapons are mounted on pneumatic tyres and are drawn by horses. They are thus able to negotiate difficult terrain and, when fighting in the comparatively roadless areas of Poland, they would have a distinct advantage over tanks

doubt to-day this is much exceeded, but what is she to do? She is flanked on east and west by strong countries; countries which her past experience has led her to fear and distrust, and there is no other course open to her but to keep up a large army. This army, at present over 1,000,000 strong, can be rapidly expanded to about 1,700,000, and the men are animated by a patriotic spirit which is unrivalled. It is also an army prepared for any sudden move; near the frontiers there are sentries on watch at every point

The Polish army of to-day has been evolved from the legions of the great Marshal Pilsudski. They marched away from Kielce under his leadership, knowing full well that death awaited non-success. This spirit still animates them and when told of the military might of Germany, with which they might have to contend, the general attitude is that they would rather be dead than live again under German rule. In the parade of May 3 there were boy scouts and girl guides and from the earliest days there is the rugged determination to defend their country against all. All males serve in the army from eighteen to twenty-five and can be recalled to the Colours up to fifty years of age. In all schools there is a modified form of military training consisting of shooting on the range and simple drill.

Big guns of the Polish army, and are drawn by tractors

Poland is not a rich country; in the days of her dependence she was not allowed to develop her great natural resources, but in spite of this disability no voice is raised against the military expenditure which is obviously more than she can reasonably afford. It is no exaggeration to say that the fine spirit of the army is reflected by that of the people.

Lt.-Col. H. St. Clair Smallwood

BURMA'S ARMY: A Fast Developing Force That Recruits Much of Its Strength in the Hill Country

ON April 1, 1939, Burma completed two years as a separate country, and its own army also completed two years as a separate defence force. It takes two years to bring a raw recruit from the wild hills of Burma and turn him into a trained soldier, so the result of this period of two years can now be seen.

A recruit, on arrival at his military station, goes through about one year's training as a recruit. The period is actually eight months.

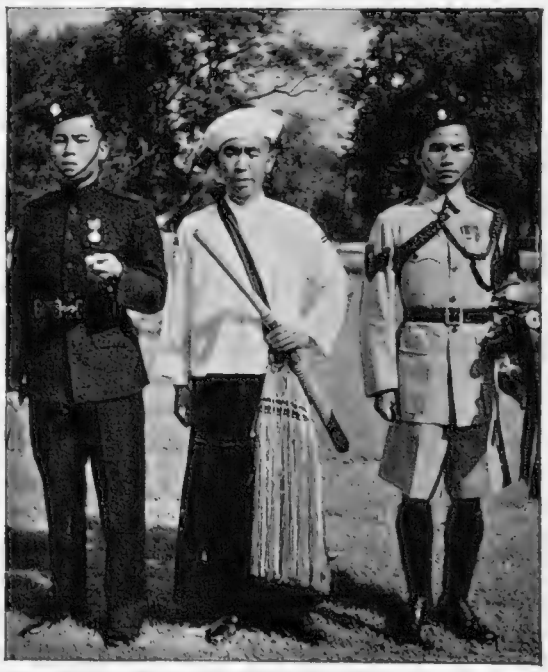
The old recruit, on his return from furlough, starts all over again with an Active Company. This does not imply that his life has until now been a *Dolce far niente* of no worries and lots of food. Far from it—he works very long hours indeed as a recruit: there is so much to learn and he starts at the very bottom of the mental and physical ladder—but his Active Company is so-called because it is always in a state of readiness for active service, whereas the Recruit Training Company only trains the new arrivals.

The recruit finds in the Active Company that he has learnt only the very rudiments of the game. He can parade and he can shoot a bit. He has been to school and can say a few words of English. And that, roughly, is about all he knows and can do. His second year in the army is quite as busy as the first, settling into the new machine and learning still more of the bewildering intricacies of modern warfare.

It is very wonderful that men can come down from the Kachin Hills and the Chin Highlands, many of whom find the simplest gymnastic movements difficult to acquire, yet can be turned into thinking and quick-moving parts of a military machine.

A RECRUIT SALUTES THE FLAG ON ATTESTATION DAY: After his year of preliminary training this young man from the primitive hill country of Burma is officially received into the ranks of the Burma Rifles. He has a lot to learn but, none the less, he is well on the way to becoming a real soldier in the King's service

TWO FORMS OF SWEARING-IN IN THE BURMA RIFLES: *On the left* an animist recruit from the Kachin Hills holds the Kachin sword in his right hand as he swears allegiance to the British Crown, while (*on right*) a Kachin Christian swears allegiance on the Holy Bible



FINISHED PRODUCTS: Three fine types of manhood in the Burma Rifles. A Karen in winter dress, a Kachin in mufti, and a Chin piper in khaki. There are four battalions of the Burma Rifles

THE RAW RECRUIT: A typical newcomer to the Burma Rifles pictured during the very early days of his training with the regiment

MILITARY

A.T.S. PLAY THEIR PART: Members of the 11th Norfolk Company of the Auxiliary Territorial Service serving out Lord Nuffield's "bounty"—tea and buns—to men of "C" Company of the Suffolk Regiment at Falmer Camp

LEISURE MOMENTS ON THE RAMPARTS OF PLYMOUTH'S FORTRESS: Militiamen reading their papers during an off-duty spell at the Royal

HE SERVES DINNER WITH A DIFFERENCE: Meet army reservist R. C. Glasspool, a member of the cookhouse staff in Harrogate Militia Camp. He must find the bustle of the army cookhouse in marked contrast to the dignity of his civilian employment, as in private life he is butler to the Dean of Winchester

IN VIGOROUS TRAINING at Hawley Lake, Hampshire, are these members of the Army's motor cycle team which is to compete at Salzburg next month in the International Six Days Motor Cycle Trials. The men begin the day with a series of strenuous physical exercises and then set themselves a course of a hundred miles across all kinds of country

MELANGE

Citadel, which is now being used as a training centre for these newcomers to the Army. The citadel was built in the reign of Charles II

FEET INSPECTION FOR MEN OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH who have gone into camp at Burley in the New Forest with the London Rifle Brigade, the Queen's Westminster's, and Queen Victoria's Rifles

OFFICERS AND MILITIAMEN VIEW THE LATEST BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS during a demonstration at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. The Militiamen spent a most instructive day as guests of the college and were allowed to assist in a demonstration of pontoon bridge building. The twenty-year-olds showed tremendous keenness and obviously enjoyed their day's outing

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TAKES THE SALUTE at a march past of members of the Auxiliary Territorial Service in camp at Tidworth. The A.T.S. are playing a very vital part in camp life and are proving of the utmost help in matters of organisation

AMERICAN TRENDINGS

A Correspondent in the South-west Describes Two Rather Unusual Aspects of Life in the State of New Mexico

The ways of the modern rancher and the tackling of juvenile crime in a New Mexican town form the subjects of these notes reflecting contemporary American life, which have been written for "The Sphere" by Nelson Springer

THE Corralitos Ranch, comprising 32,000 acres of land lying 25 miles north-west of Las Cruces, New Mexico, is a diminutive institution, compared with some of the great 1,000,000-acre ranches in the state; but it represents the last word in modern ranching, and is already making its influence on ranch methods felt throughout the south-west. It is owned by Harvey Bissell, son of the man who invented the Bissell vacuum carpet-sweeper, which eventually found its way into most of the homes of the New World; and Harvey Bissell is at least as interesting a man as was his father. He has sailed around the world in his own yacht (no engine, only sails), and he has cruised extensively in the south seas. He is now engaged in a movement to improve the breed of horses throughout New Mexico, and to make Las Cruces the horse-trading centre of the south-west. He is also engaged in proving that a modern ranch cannot afford to use primitive methods or equipment, and that it cannot afford to use cheap labour.

To these ends, Bissell recently began by working out a system of corrals and a technique for handling horses and cattle that has already produced amazing results. By arranging the corrals in a certain order, by making each gate so that it can be swung to close either of two corrals, leaving the other one open, and by posting his cowboys at certain points Bissell has worked out a system by which he can drive a herd of cattle or horses into the first corral, and then separate and isolate them as follows:

Stallions, mares, mares with colts, sick horses, horses to be weighed and shipped, bulls, steers, milk cows, heifers, cows with calves, sick cows, animals to be weighed and shipped.

Bissell has devised a cage which a sick animal cannot avoid entering and in which he is held so closely that he cannot lunge or pitch and, at the same time, he cannot be injured. Neither does the vet. risk injury.

The general system of corrals cuts down the time necessary to separate the cattle, makes it unnecessary to run them until they lose weight, protects both the animals and the cowboys from injury, avoids the necessity of paying employers' liability insurance, and generally cuts costs and reduces losses.

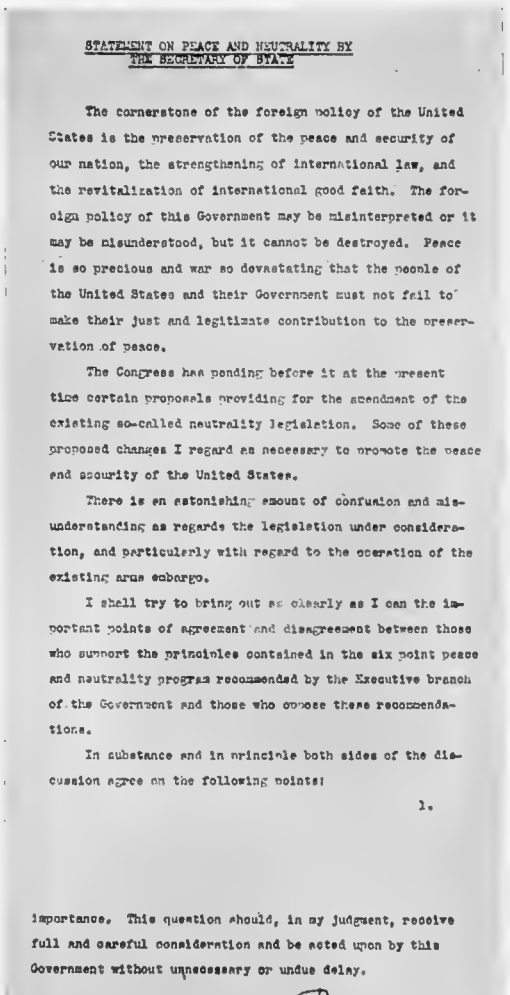
Bissell recently asked his foreman, Walker Durham, how much the corrals were worth to him, and Durham said he had estimated, and that the corrals were paying for themselves every two months.

Besides working out his system of corrals, Bissell set out to create a high morale among his cowboys. Besides paying them good wages, he houses them in a clean, comfortable, well-ventilated, well-heated, attractively decorated dormitory with hot and cold running water, shower baths, and electric lights. Two expert chefs are hired to do the cooking.

Having established the system he wanted and having secured the men he wanted and having demonstrated by action to his men what they could expect of him and what he expected of them, Bissell proceeded to Kentucky to buy the best horses he could find in the state. He came home with eleven splendid-looking animals, all pedigreed, registered stock. He is now inviting his neighbours to take advantage of the stud services of his ranch for the purpose of building up a noble breed in the Mesilla Valley and to co-operate with him by weeding out all of the inferior stock in the herds. My own guess is that Bissell will meet with some difficulty in this respect because there is a type of rancher in the valley who is not wise enough to realise that only the best is good enough and who, as a matter of policy, would rather die than co-operate.

The two big horse-breeders besides Bissell, however, Emmett Isaacks and Jeff Isaacks, undoubtedly will co-operate, and the preponderant influence of the three should win out in a relatively short time, because other ranchers will have to co-operate in the end or go to the wall.

MR. ROOSEVELT CAJOLES HIS LEGISLATORS: Senator Warren Austin, of Vermont, and Senator Charles McNary, of Oregon, both Republican members of the Upper House, arriving at the White House, Washington, for the conference held by the President in a last determined attempt to persuade Senators and Representatives of both parties to revise the neutrality laws and thus make it possible to raise the embargo on arms export to belligerents. Mr. Roosevelt feels that this is the least that America can do to show how fervently her sympathies are aligned with Europe's democracies



STATEMENT ON PEACE AND NEUTRALITY BY THE SECRETARY OF STATE

The cornerstone of the foreign policy of the United States is the preservation of the peace and security of our nation, the strengthening of international law, and the revitalization of international good faith. The foreign policy of this Government may be misinterpreted or it may be misunderstood, but it cannot be destroyed. Peace is so precious and war so devastating that the people of the United States and their Government must not fail to make their just and legitimate contribution to the preservation of peace.

The Congress has pending before it at the present time certain proposals providing for the amendment of the existing so-called neutrality legislation. Some of these proposed changes I regard as necessary to promote the peace and security of the United States.

There is an astonishing amount of confusion and misunderstanding as regards the legislation under consideration, and particularly with regard to the operation of the existing arms embargo.

I shall try to bring out as clearly as I can the important points of agreement and disagreement between those who support the principles contained in the six point peace and neutrality program recommended by the Executive branch of the Government and those who oppose these recommendations.

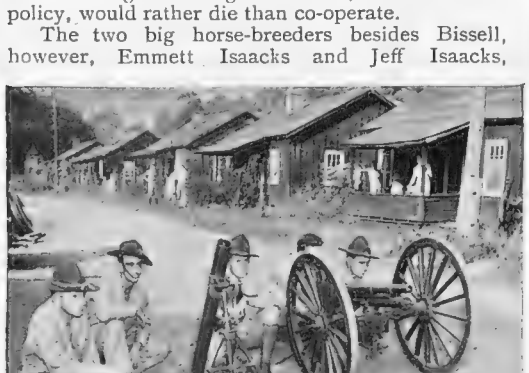
In substance and in principle both sides of the discussion agree on the following points:

1.

importance. This question should, in my judgment, receive full and careful consideration and be acted upon by this Government without unnecessary or undue delay.

Cordell Hull.

A VITAL AND HISTORIC DOCUMENT: This is a photographic copy of the first and last pages of the statement on peace and neutrality issued by U.S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull and transmitted to Congress by Mr. Roosevelt with the message that it had his "full approval." During their long vacation the Legislators are asked to ponder on this document which clearly sets forth why complete isolation is no longer a practical policy for the United States and that she cannot entirely dissociate herself from Europe's affairs



PREPARED FOR ANY EMERGENCY: A detachment of the United States National Guard manning their guns in Kitts mining camp, near Harlan, Kentucky, where there has been serious trouble of late following a strike by the colliers. Several running fights have taken place in the streets

* * *

The first junior city police in the history of the United States, at least, has recently been established in Las Cruces, New Mexico, stamping-ground of Billy the Kid, who divided first honours with Jesse James as foremost American outlaw.

The work of the junior police in Las Cruces has attracted such favourable attention throughout the country that similar organisations are being planned in other cities.

Possibly the outcome should not be surprising. Las Cruces, which began as a cemetery, for the victims of an Apache raid on a passing caravan of pioneers, and where, for many years, gun-fights were more common than high teas, has settled down into the most sedate and aloof of communities. In recent years there have been surprisingly few serious crimes in or near Las Cruces, and those that have been committed have been committed by transients passing through. Las Cruces, however, has a very grave problem, the problem of youth. It might be called the problem of misguided youth, but it would be more accurately described as the problem of unguided youth.

Police and property owners are constantly harassed by young boys getting into mischief, not of major importance in itself, but menacing because of its possible consequences. To illustrate, a short while ago a local saloon's warehouse began to miss numerous bottles of sweet liqueurs, such as creme de menthe. The thefts were traced down to a gang of approximately fourteen boys, most of them from leading families. The junior police, composed also of young boys, was chiefly responsible for locating the culprits.

Investigation under the leadership of District Judge Numa C. Frenger revealed the following remarkable story:

A number of boys wanted to play football. They had no football, so they improvised one out of a sack filled with sawdust. They were kicking it about when, quite suddenly, a lusty kick sent it soaring over a wall. Several of the boys climbed over the wall to retrieve the ball.

Once over the wall, they discovered themselves in a small patio at one end of which stood an alluring door. The lock of the door was broken. In common with other youth, moved by curiosity, they entered, to gaze upon a tantalising array of fantastic bottles. One of the boys selected a bottle. It proved to be creme de menthe, and their juvenile palates liked it. They began to rob the place systematically, with considerable loss to the owner, and possibly with no profit to themselves.

Haled into court, they all freely told the truth, and were informed that their cases would be disposed of about one month later. My private information from the police was that nothing would be done to them. They were merely being given a month in which to wonder.

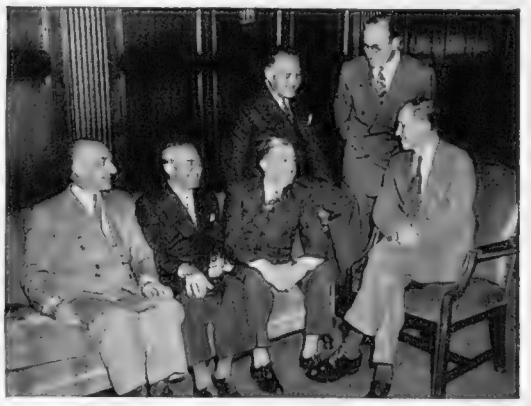
The offence in itself, apart from its moral implications, was not serious. The man who was robbed lost nothing he would ever miss. The boys probably had no sense of guilt in any adult sense of the word. If I recall my own youth, it was filled with similar offences, ranging all the way from apples to electric light bulbs pilfered from vacant houses, so that we could drop them and hear them pop.

If the offence meant anything, it meant an indictment of the community. It meant that boys were being neglected.

Las Cruces was genuinely worried about the situation that might arise out of its appalling juvenile delinquency, and Frank Maxwell, formerly with the local police, conceived of a junior police.

A police force composed of boys of about the age of the boys with whom they would deal, boys with good records of scholarship and deportment, and boys with good common sense . . . boys who are sometimes described as "old for their age."

The results of the move have been astonishingly gratifying. Juvenile delinquency has dropped, and adults who have been apathetic before have been interested in doing something definite and adequate to help growing boys to develop under morally healthful conditions.



THE ECONOMIC PROBLEMS OF THE U.S. FILM INDUSTRY were discussed at this meeting in Washington between Secretary of Commerce Harry Hopkins and leading Hollywood executives. Left to right—H. M. Warner, President of Warner Bros. Inc.; Nicholas Schenk, President of Loew's Inc.; Will Hays, President of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors; George J. Schaeffer, President of Radio-Keith-Orpheum; J. H. Hazen, Executive Vice-President of Warner Bros.; and the Secretary of Commerce, Harry Hopkins

WHERE JAPAN IS WAGING TWO WARS AND A DIPLOMATIC BATTLE

Scenes in China in the First Month of the Third Year of Hostilities—The Blockade at Tientsin—Fighting in Mongolia

FLOODS IN SHANGHAI: A car ploughing its way through one of the inundated streets of the city where the floodwaters have caused considerable havoc. Of late Shanghai has again been the scene of bitter fighting, and on July 24 it was reported that 3,000 members of the Chinese Fourth Route Army, acting on the offensive, had engaged a force of Japanese on the outskirts of the city

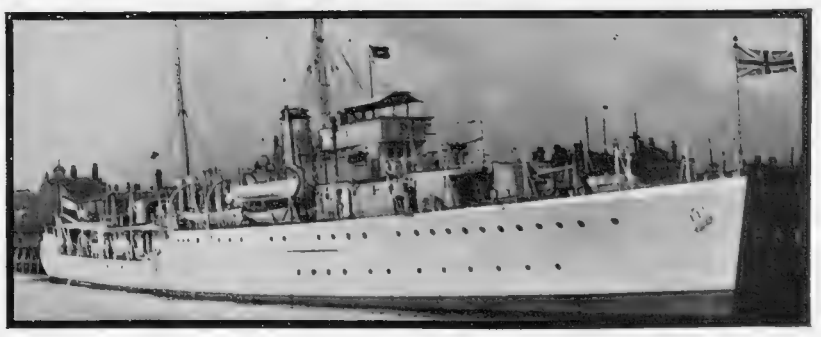
IN DEVASTATED CHENGTU: Citizens searching amid the ruins of a burnt-out store in this city of China's far west, where of late the Japanese have carried out a series of destructive air raids. Large numbers of incendiary bombs were dropped and the subsequent fires raged for nearly twenty-four hours. Chengtu, which is a great educational centre, had until then been outside the zone of Japan's planes

JAPAN SWOOPS AGAIN: Japanese soldiers keeping watch on the island of Chusan which they seized on June 23 on the grounds that the island's chief port of Tinghai was being used as a base for the re-export of arms to the mainland. Chusan is 120 miles south of Shanghai and was one of the first British settlements on the China coast. It now supplies Shanghai with large quantities of poultry

DIFFICULTIES AT EVERY TURN beset the British shipper in Tientsin, and although this picture, showing vessels moored against the British Bund, would seem to indicate considerable activity, the fact remains that the Japanese troops attempt to interfere with nearly every cargo that is brought in for unloading

JAPAN'S OTHER WAR: A Japanese tank detachment attacking a Soviet force during one of the numerous battles that have been raging on the Mongolian border during the past few weeks. Japan already has her hands full in China proper and, to say the least of it, this diversion in the north is a distinct embarrassment

SPURRED ON BY THE JAPANESE, these White Russians resident in Tientsin have been demonstrating in uniform against the British. They have become embittered on account of Britain's attempts to negotiate a pact with Russia. Japanese efforts to persuade the Chinese to demonstrate have only proved partially successful



AFTER AN ARDUOUS SPELL OF DUTY AT TIENTSIN, H.M.S. *Lowestoft* left the Hai Ho river in the middle of last month and is now undergoing a re-fit at Hong Kong where there are first-rate dockyard facilities. Meanwhile H.M.S. *Sandwich* is carrying on with the work of watching British interests at Tientsin

A GEM OF THE SWORDSMITH'S ART: This gold hilt of a Minoan sword was found last year in a tomb on Scopelos Island and was presented to the Archæological Museum of Athens, where it has been the object of much admiring attention. Now it has come into the news again as a result of the discovery, by another expedition but in the same excavations, of a gold object that fits the top of the hilt exactly. The picture at the foot of this column shows the two portions joined together

The fact that the two parts of the gold hilt of a sword of Cretan origin should have been found in a royal tomb on Scopelos Island draws attention to a typically stormy episode in the history of Crete. It appears that in 1500 B.C. *one Straphylos, a political rival of the powerful Minos, was driven from the island with a small band of his followers. Before long, the ejected Straphylos and his men founded a kingdom with Scopelos as its capital and there they settled themselves permanently*

The Wanderings of A MINOAN SWORD

A PERFECT FIT: A picture taken at Athens Archæological Museum after the gold hilt of the Minoan sword from Scopelos had been fitted with the uppermost portion found over a year later in the same excavations. It was due to M. Marinatos, Director of the Archæological Section of the Greek Ministry of Public Education, that the two pieces were brought together, for on seeing the upper portion in Thebes Museum he at once recalled the design of the lower portion in Athens Museum

MEMLING'S FAIRY-TALE WORLD

A Magnificent Exhibition of Forty-six of His Works is Staged by the Town of Bruges

THE town of Bruges was happily inspired when it decided to organise an exhibition of the works of Hans Memling. It has always been possible, of course, to see some of this fifteenth-century master's best works in Bruges, at the Hôpital St. Jean and the Musée Communal; but the present exhibition brings together practically all the known masterpieces of this rare artist, including the magnificent Lübeck retable — probably Memling's most perfect work. In all, there are forty-six paintings here, the majority of which have been loaned by European and American museums and private collectors. It is quite clear, however, that, apart from the Lübeck polyptych, the choicest works are those which have been contributed by the town of Bruges itself.

For my part, I have always had a weakness for the Flemish primitives. Roger van der Weyden and Hans Memling have the same effect on my adult mind as coloured illustrations to fairy-books had on my

A RESPLENDENT FIGURE: A slave boy, in the elaborate raiment that Memling so delighted to paint, holding one of the gifts for the infant Jesus. A detail from "The Adoration of the Magi," one of the many fine pictures displayed in the Memling Exhibition at Bruges

infant mind. Memling's Madonnas, for example, are fairy princesses; they are the loveliest creatures, dressed in the loveliest and richest clothes; and they inhabit a sunny, towered land where the fairies, called angels, have blue wings, and smile down upon princes, called saints. They are all as fresh and bright as if they had come with the morning dew.

The Lübeck Calvary is not a representation of the world's greatest tragedy, but of an exquisite miracle. The same is true of Memling's Martyrdoms: they are invested with a delicate mysticism.

There is another characteristic of Memling's art which should help to make the present exhibition popular. This is his journalistic quality, the quality of an observer. It is particularly noticeable in the sumptuous "Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine" from the Hôpital St. Jean, with its views of a countryside lively with the activities of the day; and again, magnificently, in the Lübeck polyptych.

EXQUISITE PATIENCE IN CRAFTSMANSHIP characterises the work of Hans Memling, the great painter of Bruges, who is now being honoured in that town by a special exhibition of his major works brought from many parts of the world. Above is a detail from Memling's triptych depicting the Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine. The two women are dressed in the costliest of clothes, the designs of which are painted in with the most elaborate care

One must congratulate the town of Bruges, and especially M. Louis Reckelbus, the octogenarian director of the Museum of Fine Arts, who presides over the Memling Exhibition, and through whose charming courtesy THE SPHERE correspondent was privileged to study the exhibition under ideal conditions.

Roy Elston

"BARBARA VAN ULAENDERBERGH AND HER DAUGHTERS": Another fine example of Memling's elaborately detailed art. Apart from being a great portraitist—perhaps, indeed, the greatest of the Flemish School of the 15th century—Memling had a flair for putting in romantic architectural backgrounds

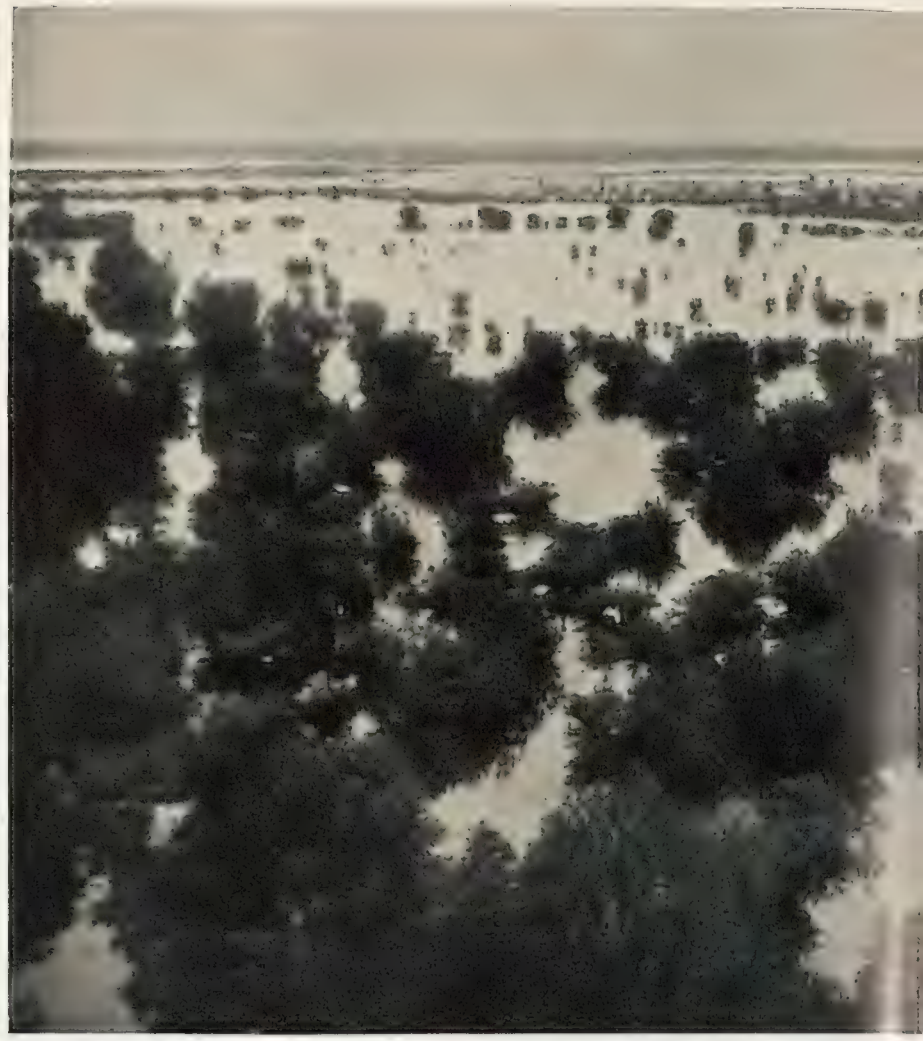
BRUGES HONOURS HANS MEMLING: The 500th Anniversary of the Artist's Birth

"THE STORY OF ST. CHRISTOPHER": One of the major works by Hans Memling included in the exhibition organised by Bruges to mark the 500th anniversary of the birth of this artist who, although not born in the town, settled there at an early age and pursued his calling. Memling, a master of colour harmony, was undoubtedly the most important artist of the Flemish School in the latter part of the fifteenth century. In all, there are forty-six paintings on view at the exhibition. The majority have been loaned by European and American museums and private collections, but it is generally agreed that the choicest works are those that have been contributed by the town of Bruges itself

DETAILED PERFECTION: A portion of the famous *Reliquary of St. Ursula*, one of Memling's finest works, which is attracting much attention at the Bruges exhibition. "Unlike many of the pictures, it will not be new to those who have visited Belgium before," writes Roy Elston, "but seen here, surrounded by the master's other canvases, it gains rather than loses in beauty. Every one of Memling's tiny paintings of the legend of St. Ursula is a gem; and the story is told with such an eye to effect that it stirs like some dramatic poem. The St. Ursula pictures show that Memling had very much the style of a miniaturist"

THE MIGHTY MAGDALENA

The great commercial highway of the Colombian Republic. The river twists and turns for over 1,000 miles, 930 of which are navigable



CLAIMED BY THE OCEAN

This picture, in common with the others on this pag and typifies the desolate aspect of part of the eas of low-lying land. In these swamps quite larg v

A HOME IN THE SWAMPS

A typical fisherman's dwelling in the Colombian swamp area. The pig would seem to be a thriving specimen despite its rather unusual surroundings

On left—

A FISHERMAN OF TITICACA

Sailing his reed-built boat on the great lake that stands on the boundary of Peru and Bolivia. It is built of reeds because wood is extremely scarce in that region

THE SEA AT EVERY FRONT DOOR

LIFE IN COLOMBIA'S SWAMP VILLAGES

And Other Aspects of the South American Scene Taken during an Aerial Survey Flight

age, was taken during an aerial survey of South America, ast of Colombia, where the sea has inundated large areas villages have grown up, the houses being built on piles

COLOMBIAN HOP SCOTCH!

Young Indian girls demonstrating their athletic prowess on their playground in one of the villages built on wood piles in the coastal swamps of Colombia

With fish abounding in the shallow waters, the inhabitants of this Colombian coastal swamp village need never go short of food. Every house has its own landing-stage and communication is maintained by dug-out canoe

EVER WELCOME

Every fortnight this man visits the swamp villages with supplies of fresh water. He has a monopoly of the business

Golden Moments — with

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE—THE MAN'S CIGARETTE
THAT WOMEN LIKE

NESTLING BENEATH THE WHITE CLIFFS OF KENT is Kay's Bluff, St. Margaret's Bay, the home of dress designer Kay Norton, which has been taken for a month by the Duke of Kent and where his children, Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, are now spending their summer holidays. *On left*—The Prince and Princess playing on the shingle

The KENT CHILDREN *on a* KENT COAST HOLIDAY

THIS FREEDOM: Three-and-three-quarter-year-old Prince Edward of Kent and two-and-a-half-year-old Princess Alexandra playing on the beach in front of their holiday home at St. Margaret's Bay. *On right*—Prince Edward and his nurse examine the seaweed on one of the groynes. According to their usual custom, the Duke and Duchess are spending a holiday on the Continent

FIRE DOWN BELOW

WITH A FLAME-CUTTER THAT BURNS UNDER WATER: A diver equipped to descend in order to work on a wreck. Formerly he had to operate with a hack-saw—a long and laborious job—but thanks to this remarkable invention he can carve through a ship's plates in a few minutes

DEEP DOWN BELOW THE SURFACE the diver works with his flame-cutter. The reason the water does not put out the flame lies in the fact that it is protected by compressed air which is forced through at such pressure that it forms a mantle for the flame, preventing the water from overwhelming it

SO GREAT IS THE HEAT in the flame-cutter that, when the diver is working 4 ft. under the water, sparks fly to the surface and leap into the air

On left—
THE DIVER HAS TO TAKE THE MOST STRINGENT PRECAUTIONS, holding the powerfully-burning flame-cutter well away from his suit as he begins a descent

THE RISKS THAT DIVERS RUN

Like Airmen and Miners, They Can Never Be Sure of What the Day Will Bring Forth and Coolness in Crisis Is Their Essential Qualification

By NOEL THOMPSON

WHAT risks do deep-sea divers run? To make a comparison, the risk is similar but more than that of the height record breaker in an aeroplane. It is similar in a way, also, to that of the deep miner. In all three cases breathing and the capabilities of the human body enter into the problem very strongly.

But the strongest similarity in these three trades is to regard the risk as part of a job. It is up to science and the experts to provide the best possible equipment, which the men trust. The man's part is to obey instructions, pay attention to the safety rules, and avoid foolish risks. That is the diver's view and he just does his work without talking about it. In fact he refuses to be excited.

It is rare that anyone over thirty is taken on for diving training. Other points are that heavy smokers or drinkers are avoided, there must be no heart or pulmonary diseases, and certainly not an excess of fat. A matter taken into consideration, for reasons I will explain later, is temperament. Coolness and lack of tendency to panic are essential. The age question is a difficult one. There is, for instance, one man, Mr. J. W. Thomas, who is still diving, and he is seventy-four! His father was drowned when his pipe line burst at the pump, and young Thomas saw the tragedy. But this did not stop the son doing forty-five years with the Port of London authority, and he has helped to save cargoes worth millions of pounds. But he is an exception.

Everything has a beginning, but deep-sea diving seems to have had a very murky or dim origin. There is pottery in the British Museum showing bearded Abyssinians swimming with goat-skins filled with air, which some people claim to show the beginning of the principle that air must be provided below the surface. Actually these skins could never sink, and the chances are that the natives could not swim and used them as water wings. But our old friend Aristotle in 360 B.C. in his "Problemata" does describe the principle of the diving bell, and so did Pliny in A.D. 77. Leonardo da Vinci, who took a practical interest in almost every branch of science, has a lot to say about diving. The sinking of Spanish galleons called forth all sorts of devices to try to raise the treasure which was always believed to be buried with them.

In 1681 a ship was sunk off the Bahamas. By means of a diving bell, incredibly hastily constructed, most of the bullion was raised and founded the fortune of the Duke of Albemarle.

The story of *La Lutine*, which sank with £900,000 worth of gold and silver off Vlieland, is well known. A terrific storm sank the ship and only one man escaped. £100,000 worth of treasure has been recovered, as well, of course, as the Lutine bell, now hanging in Lloyd's and rung whenever a ship is lost at sea. But £800,000 worth of treasure still lies at the bottom of the ocean. For the benefit of any reader who thinks he might be interested in trying to get hold of a share, I might add that an expert told me that the treasure is now beneath 40 ft. of water and 20 ft. of sand which sifts back with the current as fast as a hole can be made.

But to come back to more modern times, how many people could tell you where are the headquarters of the diving industry and of research—which includes also research into breathing at terrific heights, in gas fumes, or in terrible cold? Or even the name of the firm who with the various responsible bodies, such as the Admiralty or Air Ministry, devise and carry out many of the tests?

Siebe, Gorman and Co., Ltd., is the name and their men travel the world on any job which is probably too difficult for other countries. Managing director is Mr. Robert H. Davis, whose name will go down in history as the inventor of the Davis escape apparatus. Now that you have as much information as that, where would you look to find them?

Certainly not 400 yds. from Big Ben, and yet that is almost exactly the distance of the offices and workshops in Westminster Bridge Road. When Trinity House advised me to go there to have one or two questions answered I could not believe what lay behind the unpretentious narrow entrance to a typical office, whose window was decorated with one diving suit and a few odds and ends.

The firm was started in 1819. From the outside the premises look unchanged, but at the back lies the most modern plant and equipment. Here are compressed-air chambers to carry on the experiments of the Frenchman, Professor Leroy de Mericourt, and later the invaluable work of our Professor J. S. Haldane, in trying to prevent the diver's greatest nightmare, "the bends."

After working at a great depth the blood of a diver may become charged with carbonic acid, and bubbles of nitrogen are created, so that the body becomes a human soda water bottle. This is extremely painful, and may be fatal. It is caused by the rapidly changing pressure from the depth of the sea to the normal atmosphere. Artificially created atmosphere in the decompression chamber can be slowly lowered and the diver can take off his dress in safety.

It was in 1893 that Sir Ernest Moir first installed decompression chambers for the divers working on the Hudson River Tunnel. Now they are an essential part of all deep diving work.

What is this pressure question? Look at it this way. A cub. ft. of salt water weighs 64 lb. Therefore a sq. ft. of water has a downward pressure on the diver of 64 divided by 144 equals ·44 lb. per sq. in. This pressure works sideways as well. That means that at a depth of 100 ft. the pressure is 44 lb. per sq. in. or more than 6,300 lb. per sq. ft.

Until recently it was considered that 150 ft. was the maximum depth at which a diver could work. Now, in the Siebe flexible suit the "bottom" is officially 300 ft., which is of vast importance when you consider that the *Thetis*, on which divers are working in comparative comfort, lies at 150 ft., and so a few years ago would have been unreachable.

Of course, it was explained to me, the ideal diving dress would be one that would withstand the external pressure, and keep the atmosphere inside at a normal pressure. This can be done but the second ideal yet to be solved is to make such a dress that the diver can move freely and use his oxy-acetylene tools and other instruments with ease. In other words, avoid clumsiness.

Watch a high-compression test at work. An earlier test used to be made on pigs (to represent fat men) and goats (lean men), but if any animals are used now they are all goats. Twelve men enter the chamber with its great thick observation windows. Their masks are in front of them as they sit round the walls, laughing and joking. All give the signal that they are ready. The compressed air swirls in, and in three minutes the gauge shows that they are in a pressure equal to that at 300 ft. Some of the men smile, others blow their noses to clear the eustachian tubes in their ears.

For twenty-seven minutes they sit there. They take notes of their reactions and answer questions on paper—to test whether the pressure has a deleterious effect on their intelligence. The order comes to reduce the pressure and a mist clouds the windows as the air cools. The men sit there shivering rather uncomfortably until normal is slowly reached. The doors are opened, and out they come to face the doctor and have a thorough examination. Nearly always their first rush is for a cigarette. That test over, they can then look forward to tests in actual water.

It is a curiosity that the deeper a diver works the less serious it is if he has a fall! For instance, if a man is working just below the surface on a ship, sitting on a plank, and tips off. He may fall only 33 ft. before checking himself, but the pressure has been doubled and gone up to 2,000 lb. a square foot, so quickly that he may be killed. But if he had been working at about 170 ft., the pressure would only have increased by about one-sixth, and would not be dangerous.

Calm men, unlikely to panic, are needed. Supposing the air line is getting tangled, or you feel sick, and faint, the last thing to do is to struggle. This uses up the air even quicker and exhausts the man completely. If necessary lie down and rest for a few minutes. Move slowly and deliberately, signalling for more air, and giving the life line (usually a two-inch Manilla rope) four pulls, the signal for "am coming up," then one pull on the shot rope.

As you rise slowly it may pass off, and you can signal that you wish to descend again, rather than waste time. On reaching bottom, one pull is the signal.

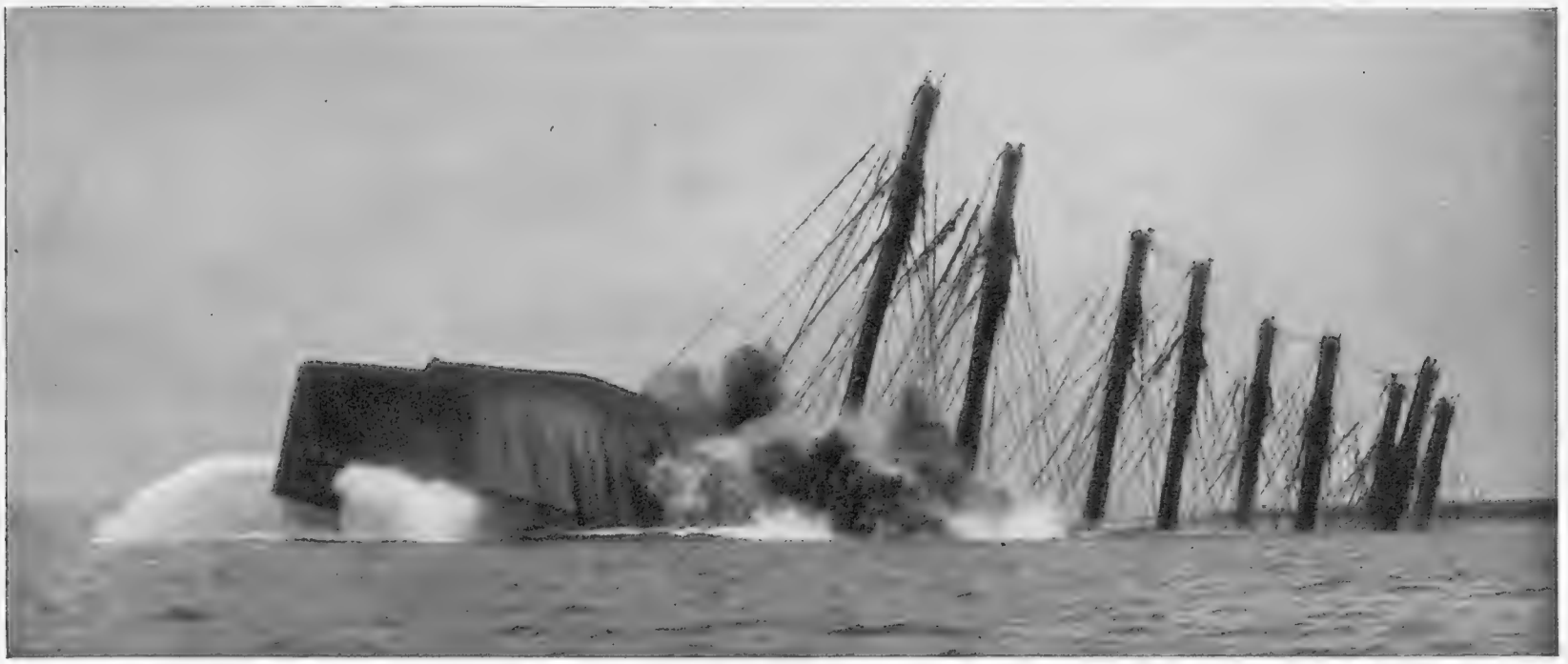
Divers I spoke to all mentioned the queer stillness, and silence. The noise of their air pumping apparatus is the only sound, except that of their heavy boots on a deck, perhaps. Of course, they have the telephone, which must be eerie in the green depths.

According to them they never have any excitement; they like working abroad with travelling expenses and extra pay.

I still do not feel I should like to be a diver, but I should not be so frightened now. Then it struck me. How can a diver clear his ear drums, or eustachian tubes, when he cannot get his hands to hold his nose? So I asked. "Some of them wear a nose clip, but most press their noses darned hard against the front of the helmet and just close their mouths and blow. That does the trick."

RAISING A GERMAN BATTLE CRUISER

And Other News of Engineering Interest



SALVAGING THE "DERFFLINGER": The 27,600-ton ex-German battle cruiser, which was sunk in 1919 with the rest of the High Seas Fleet, breaking the surface at Scapa Flow as she was being raised keel uppermost. Towering above her keel are the 130 ft. high air locks on top of which men sat all night watching the pressure gauges to make sure that all was well. The salvaging of the vessel means the end of fifteen years' work for the group of men who have laboured at Scapa to such good purpose that no fewer than thirty-eight warships have been brought up and sent to the scrap yards to provide much needed metal for our heavy industries. The *Derfflinger* bombarded Hartlepools and Scarborough early on in the great war, before the High Seas Fleet went into virtual retirement

BUSY DAYS ON THE IRON ROAD: Three streamlined L.N.E.R. engines of Pacific type pictured round the turntable at King's Cross where there is much activity at the moment in view of the rapidly increasing holiday traffic. The tremendous troop movements now taking place have also brought more business to the railways which during the early part of this year were having rather a lean time

THE LOUD VOICE OF THE LAW: This policeman in Borough High Street, South London, has been equipped with a loudspeaker which he uses to direct pedestrians. He does not hesitate to reprimand the "jay walkers"

SAFETY FIRST ON THE SOUTHERN: Many railway level crossings are used only by farmers for moving their crops or taking their cattle to fresh pastures. Owing to the danger from the faster and more frequent trains on the newly-electrified Southern Railway line between London and Maidstone a novel device has been installed for farmers using the level crossing between Otford Junction and Kemsing stations, Kent. Telephones, which are connected to the signal box at Otford Junction, have been placed on either side of the crossing (*as depicted on left*) and when a farmer desires to transport cattle or crops across the line he rings the signalman for the all clear signal. Having completed his crossing the farmer again calls the signalman and advises him that the track is clear. To prevent unauthorised persons from using the crossing farmers are provided with keys to the crossing gates, which are kept locked. The crossing over the track itself has a ramp on either side on which cattle are unable to obtain a proper foothold. This, of course, prevents them from straying on to the electrified line

"THIS GREEN PLOT SHALL BE OUR STAGE": Bottom and his companions have gathered to give their play. A scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Open Air Theatre. The group includes Bottom (with helmet; Romney Brent), Flute (Hugh Thurston), Snout (Morris Harvey), Starveling (Clement Hamelin) and Snug (Eadie Palfrey) with Quince (D. A. Clarke-Smith) marshalling his players on right. The play performs excellently in the open air

"GENTLES, PERCHANCE YOU WONDER AT THIS SHOW; BUT WONDER ON, TILL TRUTH MAKE ALL THINGS PLAIN": Duke Theseus (Tristan Rawson) and his court listen to the prologue of the play that is being presented by Bottom and his companions. *Below on left*—Leslie French makes a fine Puck, a part in which he has excelled before

On left—
SOVEREIGNS OF THE WOODS: Titania (Margaret Vines), the Queen of the Fairies, and Oberon (Robert Eddison) in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

On Stage and Screen

THE THEATRES PLAN

And They Continue to Bear Up Well Despite the Expected Summer Falling off in Box Office Takings

THERE is said to be a record slump in theatreland. That does not happen to be the truth, or anything like the truth, but the rumour seems to be based on the fact that first nights just now are infrequent and that several London theatres are closed.

It is true that in the last two weeks there have been only two happenings—Dorothy Sayers's *The Devil to Pay*, at His Majesty's (which Major Rudolph Mayer, whose firm is presenting it, tells me is doing very well indeed), and a season of Indian dances at the Aldwych, of which more anon. It is also true that the following West End theatres are, as I write, closed—the Lyceum (for ever), the Gaiety (also for ever), the Adelphi, the Vaudeville, the Prince's, the Saville, the Shaftesbury, the Haymarket, the Savoy, the Duke of York's, the Cambridge, the St. Martin's, the Winter Garden, and the Fortune. On the other hand, twenty-one theatres are open, and I am not including the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, and the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, nor the theatres at Richmond and Kew, where new plays are produced regularly and at frequent intervals during all seasons of the year. I have just turned back to a newspaper of five-and-twenty years ago, of the corresponding week, to find that in the centre of London only seven theatres were open.

There is nothing new in the scarcity of fresh productions at the end of July and the beginning of August. One can hardly expect managers to launch a play just when so many people—the stalls public in particular—are leaving London on holiday. But plans for the early autumn season are well ahead, and some plays (one of them a new Ben Travers farce, with Mr. Alfred Drayton and Mr. Robertson Hare in it, of which I hear good accounts) are already in rehearsal.

Mr. H. M. Tennent has a mass of new plays for September and October; Mr. John Gielgud is reviving *The Importance of Being Ernest* at the Globe on August 16, with Mr. Jack Hawkins, Mr. George Howe and Miss Peggy Ashcroft in the cas Mr. Noel Coward is shortly starting a Londo season under his own management and so is Sir Seymour Hicks, and Mr. Gilbert Miller has brought with him from New York, for early production here, Mr. Paul Carroll's *The White Steed*, a play about Ireland, in which will appear Miss Wendy Hill . Another play by the same author, which was also a success in New York, is *Shadow and Substance*, in which Sir Cedric Hardwicke will head the English cast. And, of course, next week sees the opening of the Malvern Festival, with several new plays (one of them by Mr. Bernard Shaw), most of which are likely to find their way to London in the near future.

A slump? Not a bit of it.

Indian Dances.—London is so ballet-conscious nowadays—there have been record houses at Covent Garden during the season which has just closed, and money has had to be turned away at almost every performance—that any dancing visitor is sure to excite interest, particularly if the programme is of a novel type.

Mr. Ram Gopal's Indian entertainment at the Aldwych Theatre is indisputably novel. I had not seen anything like it since Mr. Udi Shankar brought his Indian company to the Savoy about a couple of years ago. The dancing of these Hindus is stylised in an extreme degree, and anyone not well up in the intricacies of that style (and I confess I am not) will probably miss much of its import and the significance of its detail. Every gesture, however apparently negligible, means something, I was told—I was not informed precisely what it does mean, but it means *something*. Good.

What is not done by these dancers is to express ordinary human actions and emotions to which we are accustomed in our European dancers; only very rarely are they realistic, as in, for instance, a peacock dance, by Maya Rani, which I thought remarkably beautiful. Another bird dance was that of the golden eagle, and that also was beautiful, though it might have represented almost

FOR THE AUTUMN

anything that demanded swift and flashing movement. We were given, of course, some Devil Dancers—no Indian programme is complete without a touch of the horrible—who wore most frightening masks. Of these the Cobra Devil Dance was very striking indeed.

Indian music is an acquired taste and on western ears it falls strangely. It certainly fell strangely on mine. It is all a matter of taste, of course. The late Charles Hands, who did not pretend to be interested in seventeenth-century music, once sat through a harpsichord recital and remarked to me at the close of it that it "sounded like playing on the canary's cage with a toasting-fork." I would not care to say what this Indian music sounded like, except that it was vaguely beautiful in Oriental fashion and that in the little Indian orchestra was a remarkably skilful flute player. It most emphatically did not sound like Amy Woodford Finden's popular "Indian Love Lyrics."

Russian Ballet.—The "Educational" (which is a horrid word but the official label of the company) Russian Ballet Company have now left Covent Garden after what must surely be the most successful ballet season on record anywhere. The last week was notable for the revival of the not very notable ballet *Les Cent Baisers*, though Baron d'Erlanger's music is pleasing enough in a not very ambitious way; the likeness in style to his *Cendrillon* is remarkable, and both ballets were down for performance at the last matinee, which at any rate must be a much more comfortable experience than watching two ballets by Prokoviev.

By PHILIP PAGE

Another revival has been *Les Presages*, which has brought up yet again the old discussion as to whether symphonies should be danced to at all. I see nothing sacrosanct about a symphony as such, though personally I prefer to take my symphonies neat and without even a splash of terpsichorean syphon. I fail utterly to see how a lot of leaping and prancing about, however graceful and however ingenious, can in any sense represent either the music or what the choreographer chooses to imagine the music means—the relentlessness of fate and all that sort of thing. A danced-to symphony can be quite a good entertainment if one does not analyse it too closely and can keep one's sense of the ridiculous well damped down.

I find that an inferior symphony makes the better ballet. The symphony chosen for *Les Presages* displays Tschaikowsky in his most sentimental and, not to put too fine a point on it, most blatant mood, in spite of some good, easy melodies. The result is rather intriguing, particularly when there is such fine dancing in it as that of M. David Lichine. I have had some hard things to say of M. Lichine's choreography in *Le Fils Prodigue*, a ballet I frankly detest, music and all. He is a clever choreographer, none the less, and one of the finest male dancers in the world.

Similarly, Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," though a striking composition, especially when the period at which it was written is considered, is no great shakes as a symphony. This has also been revived and continues to make a goodish ballet, if on the sombre side; the trial scene, with its horrible leaping judges with Dundreary whiskers, is a brilliant essay in the *macabre*.

But the Brahms Number Four ("Choreartium") makes a comparatively ineffective ballet. Possibly because the music is too fine for balletfication.

The Massine-Danilova company open at Covent Garden on September 4 for a fortnight's season only. There will be five new ballets presented in that short period, including another one on the subject of Paganini. This time the music is by Thomasini instead of Rachmaninoff, and it has been evolved by Frederick Ashton, the young English choreographer who has done such excellent work at Sadler's Wells. The title is *Le Diable s'amuse*. If it beats *Paganini*, which we have just seen, it will indeed be good. I hear of a short opera season in English to follow this season.

By the way, balletomanes and others should pay a visit to the Redfern Gallery (20, Cork Street) where there is an interesting collection of paintings of the Russian Ballet by Mr. Loudon Sainthill. These are appropriately exotic in style and in their use of vivid colour are reminiscent of Bakst. Most of the favourite dancers are included and one of the most striking of the portraits is that of Mlle Sono Osato (labelled "Sono" in the catalogue) the Japanese-American dancer to whose excellent work in *Le Fils Prodigue* I referred last week.

"Women in the Wind" (Film).—This film at the Regal has a literal significance in its title. That is to say, it is not a question of rumours about women but of women actually being in the wind—flying through it in aeroplanes. There is even a women's aerial Derby—a race across America which would have been a dead-heat had not the heroine, in the person of Miss Kay Francis, had a serious accident involving an undercarriage. There is plenty of incident, a dash of romance, and some first-rate photography. I suppose it is meant to be breathlessly exciting. I found no difficulty whatever in breathing.

"Spies of the Air" (Film).—The film-world is a sheep-like place. Years ago somebody made a film about American cowboys, so in a short space practically every film was about American cowboys. Then some over-paid "genius" thought of "back-stage" scenes, so "back-stage" films spread all over the place. Now it is aeroplanes, and almost every film is about an aeroplane. *Spies of the Air* concerns secrets of aeroplane designs and has a most complicated plot. It is well produced but would be more interesting were it better acted. An exception was the admirable performance by Mr. Basil Radford as an engineer. He could not have interpreted the part with better understanding, but he must have felt a bit lonesome.

"THIS PALPABLE GROSS PLAY HATH WELL BEGUIL'D THE HEAVY GAIT OF NIGHT. SWEET FRIENDS, TO BED. A FORTNIGHT HOLD WE THIS SOLEMNITY, IN NIGHTLY REVELS, AND NEW JOLLITY": Theseus (Tristan Rawson) leads Hippolyta (Patricia Tucker) and the court away from the play. This is the closing episode in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. For this production Robert Atkins introduced many delightful new effects

DOROTHY SAYERS FLITS FROM THRILLERS TO THEOLOGY: Mephistopheles (Frank Napier) conjures up a vision of Helen of Troy (Mary Alexander) for Faustus (Harcourt Williams) in this scene from *The Devil to Pay*, which recently began its London run at His Majesty's. *Above on left*—Mephistopheles with Lisa (Diana Deare)

On right—
THE LAST CALL: Mr. Jack Burchett telephoning from the stage door office at the Lyceum before leaving the empty shell of what was once the home of London melodrama and which in a few short weeks will have been razed to the ground

THE ARABS ATTACK FORT ZINDER

Major Wren's Best-selling Novel Makes Thrilling Screen Entertainment

HOLDING THE DESERT FORT: The Foreign Legionaries carry on a stern battle against the Arabs who have surrounded the place. A dramatic moment in the film version of *Beau Geste*, based on the best-selling novel of the same name, which had its premiere this week at the Plaza Cinema. Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, and Robert Preston have the leading parts

THE ARABS SURROUND FORT ZINDER but are fooled by the fact that there is a legionary in every embrasure. They do not realise that all but three of the men are dead and those that they see there have been propped up for effect. This is one of the big moments in the film version of *Beau Geste* which, by all accounts, makes really first-rate screen entertainment

THE THREE LEGIONARIES: Ray Milland, Gary Cooper, and Robert Preston make an heroic trio in *Beau Geste*. *On left*—Gary Cooper, who once again shows his ability in interpreting a romantic role without in any way "playing to the sevenpennies"

AFRICA'S STRANGEST ARMOURY

How the Ovambo Tribesmen Gave Up Their Guns

"GUNS bring trouble—hand in your guns and I will protect you." That was the advice given years ago by a lonely white Native Commissioner to the armed hordes of Ovamboland. And such is the influence of this man, Major C. H. L. Hahn, in the most remote tribal areas in south-west Africa, that thousands of treasured guns lie heaped in the armoury at Ondonga. Guns are not unlawful weapons but they are still handed in voluntarily by the natives.

Two thousand guns I saw there one day, each gun with a story lost for ever. Mausers and muskets, Martini Henrys, Sniders, modern Winchesters, and Remingtons, stacked almost to the roof they were, and reeking with the strong meat of African adventure. In this gun-collector's paradise I stared at weapons a century old, and dreamed among them.

War and treacherous ambush, petty feud and dangerous hunt — these guns of the Ovambos had sent bullet and shot whistling over the plains. For nearly eighty years they had played their deadly parts in every phase of the life of a nation. One or two, perhaps, had once been owned by Francis Galton and the great Anderson, the first white men to set foot in Ovamboland. Those rusty elephant guns — were they ever loaded by Frank Green, or Ericsson the Swede, the bold ivory hunters who rescued Anderson from thirst only to watch him die from fever and wounds?

AN OVAMBO MARKSMAN TAKES AIM FOR THE LAST TIME before giving in his gun at the request of the Native Commissioner. Many thousands of guns have been handed over voluntarily and, in times of famine, they are exchanged for large quantities of grain

It is possible to fill in some of the gaps. Those army Mausers bearing the Royal Crown of Portugal; surely they were looted over the frontier in Angola, snatched from dead soldiers when the mud fort was rushed and the garrison massacred. There was unofficial war along this border between Germans and Portuguese in 1915, long before Portugal joined the Allies; and the watchful Ovambos preyed like jackals on the victims. No doubt this German officer's Mauser pistol is a relic of that queer campaign.

CUNNING METAL-WORKERS: For centuries the Ovambos have been skilled in the art of smelting copper and iron ores. Distant tribesmen still visit them to procure spear and arrow-heads, bangles and beads. The craftsmen in the picture are using the typical wooden bellows with charcoal fire. Some years ago an Ovambo chief captured from the Portuguese in Angola a small field-gun, with breechlock missing. A new part was made by the natives, and the gun was then fired with complete success

But whence came this battered French "chassepot," a muzzle-loader that may have seen the Siege of Paris? And who was Botha? His name, without initials, was carved deeply in the butt of an old-fashioned shot-gun. There are many Bothas in South Africa, but this must have been a Botha of "voortrekker" breed, a forgotten Botha who ventured beyond unknown veldt horizons and may be traced now only by his gun. One of those brave spirits, I think, who travelled to Angola with the "Thirstland Trek" in the '70's. Their wagon tracks are still marked by the heaps of stones where they left their dead.

The skilled Ovambo craftsman is not defeated by a jammed gun. There are metal-workers who can make any part and repair any defect. The ill-fated Chief Mandume once captured a small field-gun from the Portuguese, with a number of shells. The breechlock was missing, but Mandume set his smiths to work with primitive bellows, anvils and hammers. A new part was constructed, and after several shots had been fired, the Ovambo breechlock was found to have stood the strain well.

Peaceful persuasion, as I have said, brought many guns to the armoury. In times of famine Major Hahn has exchanged guns for grain. That system added enormously to the heap in the armoury.

GUNS OF THE OVAMBOS: Some typical weapons handed in voluntarily by the tribesmen: Left to right—Winchester, Snider, Martini Henry, Steyr, musket, true tower musket, elephant gun, musket, and a double-barrelled gun

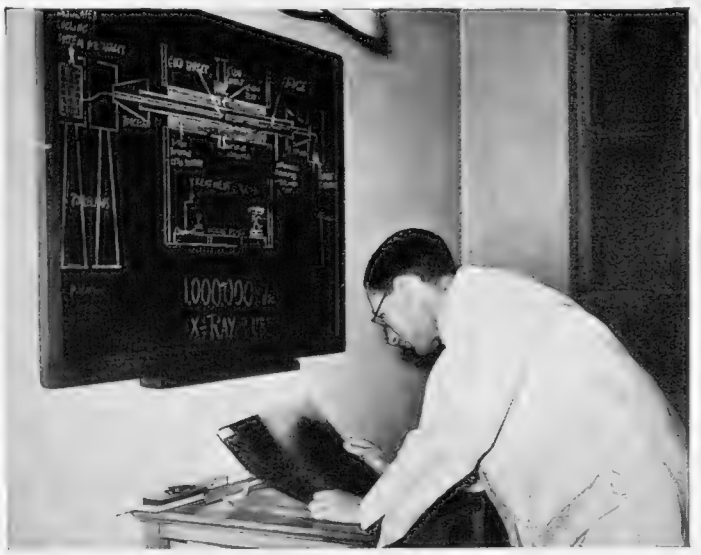
Lawrence G. Green

A MILLION VOLTS TO FIGHT DISEASE

The Great New X-Ray Plant at St. Bartholomew's Hospital

POWER THAT MAN EXPLOITS WARILY: *Above*—An expert radiologist adjusts the rectifier filament currents during a demonstration of the 1,000,000-volt beam of the Mozelle Sassoon high voltage X-ray therapy plant which has been installed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, with the object of fighting cancer and other malignant diseases. *Right*—The radiologist earths the generator before making an adjustment to the apparatus which has to be handled with the utmost care as, misused, it could be positively deadly in its action. People of all ages are treated, but selection is made only from those whose reactions to lower voltages are fully known. Medical men hope and believe that marvellous results will be obtained from this apparatus, which has been produced only after years of dangerous research

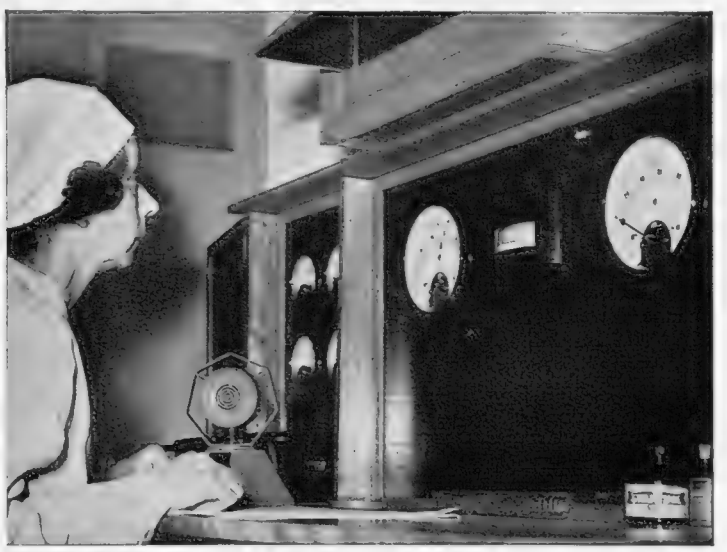
THE SOURCE OF THE MIGHTY BEAM: Members of the hospital staff at St. Bartholomew's carrying the 12-ft. long gold target, one of the vital components of the X-ray tube



THE LAYOUT OF THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PLANT, which generates the new 1,000,000-volt beam, is shown on the blackboard above the surgeon's head. The surgeon himself is looking at X-ray photographs of a certain case before the patient arrives for his treatment

BY FINGER-TIP PRESSURE ON A BUTTON the radiologist can revolve the ten-ton X-ray tube or raise and lower the floor according to the distance required between it and the patient

A FINAL ADJUSTMENT of the X-ray apparatus is made by the radiologist before he at length unleashes the immense power of this plant on the young patient who has come up for treatment. Hitherto the customary maximum dosage has been about 300,000 volts, and the 1,000,000 volts now possible at St. Bartholomew's makes necessary a heavily insulated treatment room with walls of 18-in. barium concrete which is impervious to X-rays. This room is constructed round the central portion of the tube, and while the treatment is going on the radiologist remains outside, as also does the nurse who looks at her charge through a periscope system which places her at a visual distance of 60 ft. from the patient. Metal spheres act as safety valves, and should an over-voltage occur a spark takes place between them, automatically cutting off the power



SUCH IS THE FORCE OF X-RAYS that direct observation of a patient receiving treatment would necessitate the provision of lead glass, 18 ins. thick. As it is, the problem is by-passed, a nurse keeping her eyes on her charge by means of an elaborate periscope system

On right—BEFORE LEAVING THE PATIENT ALONE IN THE ROOM the radiologist adjusts the microphone by which the patient is able to maintain verbal contact during the five or ten minutes for which treatment lasts

TURNERESQUE: "The Port of Sandwich," by Frank Brangwyn, R.A, has attracted admiring attention at the Artists of Fame and Promise Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. "The soft warmth and mistiness of the picture is as enchanting as it is unexpected," writes Iris Brooke

ARTISTS *of* FAME and PROMISE

An Annual Show of Dazzling Variety

THE annual exhibition of paintings, drawings and sculpture by artists of fame and promise at the Leicester Galleries shows a dazzling variety of works by 120 different artists.

Paintings by the young and almost unknown artists are exhibited beside works of the most famous artists of to-day, including Augustus John, Degas Matisse, Picasso, Epstein, Laura Knight, Sickert, Paul Nash, Stanley Spencer and a host of others of no lesser fame. It is, on the whole, an impressive show, but tends, as such competition must, to give the already established artist of fame an impressive background at the expense of the younger exhibitors of promise.

It is very difficult to select outstanding works from a collection which includes so many great names and, indeed, such a variety of subjects and treatments.

Oliver Messel's "The Georgian Party, Osterley Park, 1939" is one of the first brilliant works to catch the eye—the colour and lighting is at once theatrical and arresting. In the East room, amongst the water-colours and drawings, Charles Cundall's "Dieppe" is a pleasant and unexpected departure from his more familiar crowd scenes, and Ian Strang's "Caernarvon Castle" a creditable example of draughtsmanship and tone value.

Richard Sickert is well represented and his paintings of "Health and Wealth" and "The Domestic Bully" are both bold and pleasing studies in light and colour, although they differ considerably in their manner of execution; the latter strikes a happy note in the introduction of himself as the interfering busybody harassing the cook with leading questions. Of his earlier works "San Zampolo, Venice" is a lovely and typical example.

Frank Brangwyn's "The Port of Sandwich" has a soft warmth and mistiness which is as enchanting as it is unexpected in contrast with his more familiar and later examples of brilliant decorative art.

In the same little corner as these last two paintings is E. Vuillard's "Les Confidences"—a striking example of beautifully-balanced impressionism.

In the Hogarth room a particularly pleasing little painting is Josselin Bodley's "Snow in the Landes" while something quite different but painted with equal confidence is Kenneth Martin's "Woman in Bed," a fine and forceful work.

The terrific scope of this exhibition requires more than one visit if it is to be fully appreciated.

The Beaux Arts Gallery Exhibition, with an equally distinguished list of exhibitors, is quieter than that at the Leicester Galleries. It is so quiet indeed, writes Eric Newton in the *Sunday Times*, that its whole balance is upset by the presence of a blaring Matthew Smith nude that is like an unexpected fanfare of trumpets in the middle of a saraband for strings. Mark Gertler's "Country Girl," Mary Adshead's "Le Bois, Ile de Ré," Victor Passmore's "Roses," Irene Wyatt's "Sweet Williams," a self-portrait by David Jones, and "Welsh Baptism," by Mildred Eldridge, are among the liveliest things in a show whose general tone is one of dignified sobriety.

Iris Brooke

BALANCED IMPRESSIONISM: "Les Confidences" *(left)* by E. Vuillard and "In the Boat" by Suzanne Eisendieck *(right)* are two more outstanding pictures in the Artists of Fame and Promise Exhibition. Augustus John, Epstein, Picasso, and Laura Knight are also among the many talented contributors

LIFE AMONG THE SINAI ARABS

Major C. S. Jarvis's Enthralling New Book

"HALLO! HALLO! GIVE ME KOSSEIMA": Major Jarvis relates in his book, *The Back-Garden of Allah*, how a high official came out from Cairo to test the admittedly disgraceful telephone service and how the wires were rigged for the occasion in such a way that the official was duped into thinking he was getting through to the most distant points

MAJOR C. S. JARVIS revels again among his reminiscences of the Arab as he knew him during his Governorship of Sinai in his book *The Back-Garden of Allah* (John Murray. 7s. 6d.) which has just appeared on the bookstalls. And it is an extraordinary and very real Arab that Major Jarvis paints on his glowing canvas. Not quite the Arab of propagandist literature, but an Arab one must be aware of if one is in a position of authority. The understanding of the wishes of the effendim is evidently not an easy matter on all occasions to the Arab mind. Witness the story of the rolling up of caravan loads of crayfish at Petra after our author had expressed regret that the succulent crayfish from the Akaba coast had not appeared on the menu.

The picture of the Arab and his ways is blended throughout with a vision of the harassed official who has to work with and through the local Arab inhabitant, whether he be village tiller of the soil or the once untrammelled Bedouin. The latter now wanders less than he did, owing to the decrees of the Hakooma (Government) who have forbidden the raiding of villages for corn and have ideas as to the betterment of the people. There is no Arabic translation of this foolish idea—it is so un-autocratic and un-Turkish. But the Hakooma persists in its strange ways and Major Jarvis has many anecdotes of efforts to make the unmechanical Arab employ pumps which are promptly regarded as *afrits* and remain unused.

The Sinai official's life is not quite so solitary as some might imagine. Into his territory there come from time to time strange beings who seem determined to attain a Desert Adventure at any price. Two "round-the-world travel-mongers" on one occasion seemed determined to get lost in the untracked dunes. But the telephone foiled them, as Major Jarvis here records:—

"From the Colour-Sergeant in charge of Hassana to the Governor of Sinai, El Arish:—

"'*Isma, ya* Excellency. I make my apologies if I have exceeded my duty but yesterday I received information of two mad Englishmen who were in an automobile they were unable to drive *zai en nas* (properly). Nekhl post reported they had travelled four times off the high road and that with the greatest difficulty they had pushed them out from sand. I met them with a patrol at midnight and found they had so driven the car in the manner of children that it had wedged itself between boulders, breaking certain parts of the works inside. By the Grace of God there was at Hassana the Government car driven by Mustapha, and Mustapha in one hour extracted the necessary portions from his car, putting them into the automobile of the *khawagat*. The behaviour of the *khawagat* during this work testified to the fact that they are without doubt mad, possibly by reason of the hot sun, for they strove with the patrol and tried to prevent the work.

"'As I am responsible for the lives of travellers, and as they will undoubtedly meet their death if left unguarded, I have put them under restraint gently and Mustapha has now driven them back to Suez to hand them over to the *Consulato Inglcezi* with a full report of their behaviour. He will no doubt send them to the *Mustashfi* (hospital). I wish to tell you

(Continued on page 222)

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GOING NORTH

Travel in Tweeds

All Set for the Moors

SCOTCH TWEED *in soft blues and greys woven in a herringbone design is used for the suit above. Faultlessly tailored, and ideal for travelling since it is both light and warm, the jacket is double breasted, and the skirt has an inverted pleat at each side of the front and back panel. It costs 8½ guineas and, with the other suit, comes from Marshall and Snelgrove*

EARTHY COLOURS, *a subtle blend of greens and blues and browns, win full marks for women who follow the guns. They distinguish the Scotch tweed suit at the head of this page, with its neat belted jacket, and its skirt with a deep fold at the front and an inverted pleat at the back. It, too, costs 8½ guineas in this and in other excellent colours*

HIGH NECKS FOR DINING: *Tea gowns and several high-necked dinner dresses are best for Scottish evenings. The frock on the right is made in navy blue taffeta and has a tremendously full skirt made dramatic by the curved insets of coarse fishnet. These also intersect the bodice and lighten the short sleeves. It costs 14½ guineas at Liberty's*

CRAWLEY'S DREADED LEVEL CROSSING IS ELIMINATED by this new by-pass which has been constructed at a cost of £180,000 to relieve congestion on the London–Brighton road. The by-pass has two carriageways, two cycle tracks, and two footpaths

The Petrol World

THE CHANCELLOR AND THE H.P. TAX

When Road Organisations Sought Amendment He Made It Plain that an Income Tax Increase was the Alternative

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

With the helpful co-operation of the Road Group in the House of Commons twenty-eight amendments to the Finance Bill proposals for the increase of motor car and motor cycle taxation were drafted and put down by Members of Parliament, and all parties were represented in the efforts to secure reductions of the new taxes. At the Committee stage of the Bill on June 27 the amendment moved by supporters of the Government to alter the proposed increase of the private car tax from 25s. to 20s. per horse power was debated, and when the division was taken the Government majority, which usually fluctuates between 200 and 100, was reduced to 53. The amendment was moved from the Government side of the House and 140 supporters had given notice to move.

It was recognised that the amendment would be supported by the Labour and Liberal Opposition and that a defeat of the Government on the issue would add to the difficulties created by the international situation. When, therefore, the Chancellor of the Exchequer refused to make any concession, the member who had moved the amendment asked leave to withdraw, but this was resisted by the Opposition. In the division which followed, 52 Government supporters who had added their names to the amendment voted with the Government, 6 voted against and 80 abstained.

The Government's majority was also greatly reduced when divisions were taken on other amendments. The Chancellor made it clear that the only alternative to the increase in the horse-power tax would be an addition to the income tax, which he stated would not be in the real interest of the country at the present time. Thus the combined efforts of the leading motoring organisations in this matter did not meet with success.

The R.A.C. circular gives further details and I think that if the A.A. had likewise enlightened their members no voice of criticism in this respect would have been heard at the meeting. It is difficult to see what else could have been done unless a lot of money had been spent in taking advertising space in all the newspapers so that the motorists' position could have been placed before the public, just as the cinema trade did with the object of having their proposed tax removed. Unfortunately, the two cases were not exactly the same because the yield from the increased tax was not the same in both cases, and if the increased amount per horse power had not been passed by the Government it would have meant, as I have stated before, an increase in the income tax which, of course, would have made motorists as a class very unpopular in the country.

The committee of the A.A. are a very hard working body of able business men and they devote much time to the work of the association without any pecuniary advantage to themselves. Observing them as I did in their places at the top table at the general meeting I must say it struck me that in common with the committees of other motoring organisations the average age of the team appeared to be about seventy and I am bound to suggest that if there were some younger members on that committee the good work that it has already done would be even better. For instance, if there were three or four committee men who drove their own cars on an average 500 miles a week it would greatly strengthen the decisions of the committee.

The report of the committee, which was circulated to all A.A. members, shows, as usual, that there is not a more active or busy motoring organisation in existence. Looking at the accounts I see that well over £1,000,000 comes in each year from subscriptions and entrance fees.

THE Automobile Association each year holds its general meeting in the middle of July. I have been present at these gatherings for a great number of years and the chairman is always able to inform his audience that the membership has increased to a gratifying extent during the period under review. On the day of the meeting this year there were over 730,000 members on the roll. The A.A. is still the world's largest motoring organisation and it does not appear to me that its position is ever likely to be challenged.

During the past few years it has been thought that a very large number of disgruntled members would come to the general meeting and make things uncomfortable for the chairman, committee, and secretary. True, at the meeting this year two or three members criticised the policy pursued by the committee, but when one remembers that the A.A. consists of over 750,000 motorists there cannot be much wrong with the policy or the service rendered to members when only such a few raise their voices in order to ventilate their disagreements over a few apparently minor matters.

I do not suppose that more than 400 people were present at the meeting, which is also another fairly certain indication that there is not much wrong with the A.A. If a further proof were desired I have only to mention that the membership increased during the past financial year by 27,642. If good value for money were not given to members such a figure as this would not be registered, and so long as the membership grows, then the committee must realise that their policy is approved and should be pursued.

One member did suggest that the A.A. had lost a lot of its original fighting power. Certainly it was founded with a fighting policy and, although the police persecutions of the early days have abated, the speaker at the meeting thought that there was still plenty of people to fight and that the A.A. should take off its kid gloves and start an offensive. It was suggested that if the Government had proposed to saddle cyclists with any comparable financial burden such as motorists will have to shoulder at the beginning of next year the cycling organisations would have started such a campaign that Sir John Simon would have dropped the proposed increase in the tax as he did in the case of the duties on films.

Many members of the A.A. appear to forget or are ignorant of the fact that when matters of national importance which concern motorists have to be discussed, the A.A. does not act alone but is one of many organisations which form a body called the Motor Legislation Committee. The constituent bodies of this committee are the Royal Automobile Club, the Automobile Association, the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, the Motor Agents Association, the Scottish Motor Trade Association, the British Cycle and Motor Cycle Manufacturers and Traders Union and the Institute of British Carriage and Automobile Manufacturers. The only criticism I can level at the A.A. over this suggestion that they ought to have fought the Government on this tax increase is that they should find means to acquaint their members as to what action they, through the Motor Legislation Committee, took in this matter. A few days after the A.A. meeting I received a circular from the R.A.C. which was sent out to all its members, and this leaflet sets out in very plain language how the Motor Legislation Committee tackled the Government and how it was that the desired results were not attained.

50 M.P.H. CAN BE REACHED FROM A STANDSTILL IN 13.2 SECONDS with the Vauxhall "25" which couples with this performance the low petrol consumption of one gallon in twenty miles. Vauxhall independent springing gives smooth running even when the car is travelling at 80 m.p.h.

Entries at the lower scale of fees for the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race have closed and the number received is twenty-nine. The race is for cars of the sports type and will be held at Donington Park on Saturday, September 2. Entries do not finally close until August 9, so that it is quite possible that the number of twenty-nine will be eventually increased. As a matter of fact, the total is quite satisfactory.

Amongst the entries which have come along is that of last year's winner, Louis Gerard, who will drive a Delage, Stanley Woods, the well-known motor-cycle racing rider, will compete in a Morgan, whilst a Simca Fiat will be handled by A. Gordini. Up to the moment the entry list only includes two ladies, Mrs. E. M. Thomas (Frazer-Nash-B.M.W.) and Miss Stanley-Turner (M.G.).

One person every six minutes has visited Ford Works, Dagenham, during every eight-hour working day this year. Just now this huge motor car factory is providing an enjoyable day's outing for holiday makers, and visitors from all over the country are flocking to see the marvels of Ford manufacturing methods. Over 1,000 visitors have been known to tour the works in a single day.

Visits can be arranged any week-day except Friday and Saturday through Ford dealers, or on application to Ford Motor Company Ltd., Department J5, Dagenham, Essex.

CABLES AS LANE SEPARATORS are being installed on Chicago's busy lake-front drive, and there is no doubt that, with their resiliency, they are far more suitable than the abutments that have up to now been used so extensively

In whatever pertains to outdoor life—be it motoring or sport—one name is now predominant, and that is

DUNLOP

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

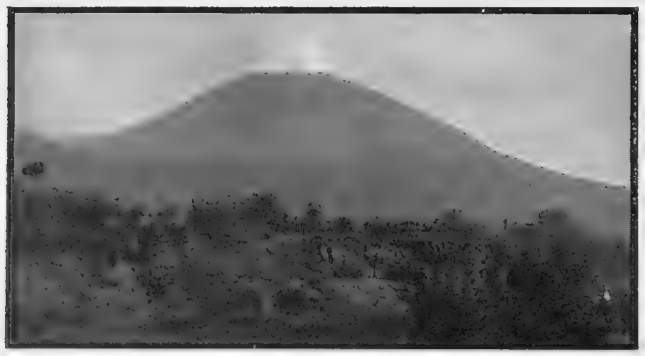
ITALY'S WELCOME TO THE TOURIST

On Every Hand Evidence of Great Friendliness

ENCHANTING CAPRI: A glimpse of the island which has cast its spell on many a visitor and where not a few of them have chosen to make homes. Miss Gracie Fields is an ardent admirer of Capri and last week she set off for the island in order to complete her convalescence

THINGS are happening in Italy! There is nothing sinister in that remark, it is merely an unhesitating conclusion after looking through my travel diary for the summer. There is good staff work somewhere which sees that we know where, when, and why this and that are happening in Italy.

On a very grey day, I am visualising the Italian sun in a cloudless sky, the lakeside—Stresa perhaps—or maybe enchanting Capri, and hoping that it works its magic on one of our greatest artistes. Gracie Fields chose well in making a home in that island. You have to live in Capri to come under the full force of its spell, not that I would keep even one tourist back from a brief visit, for on the right kind of day (and most of them are) it can leave an exquisite picture on the memory of travel. It is no good pretending that the volume of tourist traffic to Italy this summer is normal, but there is a great deal more than some people imagine. There must have been 100 people or more in some of the parties I have encountered. There would have been more, no doubt, if the atmosphere of Europe had been more tranquil, but as it was they provided evidence that our travellers will have their Italian holiday.



BROODING ABOVE THE CAMPANIA: The ever-smoking Vesuvius which for miles dominates the country round Naples and, through past eruptions, lends such fertility to the soil. For many years a railway has brought the summit within easy reach

I have heard from many who have been there that the greatest friendliness has been shown them. Stories get around about frontier difficulties, but travellers are rather inclined to exaggerate their encounters with officials of strange lands and it has been my experience that there is a closer scrutiny at our own ports. We put that down to efficiency, but let us at least judge those whose country we are entering on the same standards.

Having descended out of the blue, so to speak, on Capri, let us now go to the mainland. In scenic beauty, Naples is a sort of standard measure, in other words, perfection, and cannot be omitted from any itinerary of a real tour in Italy. Great improvements have been carried out there in the past fifteen years or so, but the city is only one of many interests in the neighbourhood. Amalfi and Sorrento are lovely spots.

The island of Ischia is attracting increasing attention. It has a beautiful climate, sandy beaches, pinewoods, gardens, and many hot and mineral springs, for which, no doubt, it has to thank its volcanic origin. Various improvements are being carried out and numerous festivals are arranged for this month.

Then there is our old friend Vesuvius, an essential part of the panorama. The sight of it stirs in most travellers the desire to get as close as possible to the smoking crater, and it is not a difficult matter. For years there has been a railway up the mountain; a few minutes walk from the terminal station and you look into the giant cauldron. The excursion occupies over three hours and it may be combined with a visit to one of the volcano's famous victims, Pompeii, now enhanced by flood-lighting, or Herculaneum.

Rome, of course, must come in your tour, but for the purpose of this article I now want to move up to Tuscany, first for the sake of Florence, its enchanting "City of Flowers," and then some of the other centres of interest. It is possible, for instance, to make a day excursion to Siena which, from the eminence of three hills, dominates the Arbia Valley, a colourful scene with silvery olive trees, intensely green vineyards and expanses of golden wheat and not far off the dark slopes of Chianti hills. The city is immensely rich in architecture and art, and, of course, demands far more attention than you can give it on so brief an excursion.

Twice a year Siena recaptures its medieval spirit when a unique and historic horse-race is contested in the Piazza del Campo by the seventeen *contrade* (wards) of the city, the prize being the banner known as the "Palio." Stands are erected right round the square and horses and riders make their entry accompanied by a gorgeous pageant and preceded by a herald waving aloft the black and white banner of Siena. The actual race in the evening provokes the wildest enthusiasm, and a few days later the winning horse is an honoured guest at the street banquet in the victorious *contrade*. The event takes place twice a year and the next time is near at hand, on the Festival of the Assumption in mid-August.

At Arezzo, one of the smaller cities of Tuscany,

AN ALFRESCO LUNCH on the tiny island of Comacina on Lake Como. The Italian lakes are always popular among tourists and next month there will be considerable activity there, the most outstanding event being the international golf championships at Menaggio

where Petrarch was born, they have a centuries-old joust known as "Tilting at the Saracen." Eight knights, two from each quarter of the city, take part in a tournament which consists in tilting at a large figure, so rigged with ropes that the knight has to be very agile to avoid vigorous retaliation. The winning quarter receives the prize of a gilded lance. Naturally, there is a lot of ceremonial, and the costumes differ very much from those seen at the "Calcio," the sixteenth-century football match, in Florence, or at the Siena "Palio." The tournament takes place in Petrarch Week in June, and again on August 6 in honour of the patron saint of Arezzo, St. Donato.

About 25 miles from Florence is one of the leading watering places of the country, Montecatini, adjoining Pistoria. It is beautifully situated, and there seem to be flowers everywhere. The thermal establishments, distinguished in architecture, are in a park which extends for miles. It is no great journey from the spa to the heights of Abetone, over 4,000 ft. above the sea.

Next we will go to the head of the Adriatic which, by the way, will see quite a lot of our cruising liners during the coming weeks. Venice claims attention first, not only for its enduring interests, but for its contribution to the transitory happenings I mentioned at the outset. It has an International Cinema Festival at the Lido next week and one authority assures me that during August more screen personalities may be seen there in the flesh than in any part of Europe. I think there was a twinkle in his eye when he said it. I wonder why! The Lido promenade, by the way, has been extended about a mile.

It is not a very big jump from Venice to the Dolomites. You may be a little hazy about travel arrangements in that region, and I understand tourists may pass through the province of Bolzano, but must not spend more than forty-eight hours there. Fortunately some of the finest centres are not affected, for instance, Cortina D'Ampezzo, and the Pordoi, the highest and most majestic of all the passes, on the magnificent scenic route which connects it with San Martino di Castrozza. Madona di Campiglio, the resort nearest to Milan and situated amid three gigantic mountain ranges, is also outside the restricted region.

That brings us to the Italian Lakes, one of the most favoured parts not only of Italy but of Europe. The ideal time to go there is in the spring or autumn and my diary of happenings has something which applies here. There are international golf championships in September at Menaggio on Lake Como where the club is the oldest in Italy and at Villa d'Este, Cernobbio. At the latter the open amateur championship and the ladies' open championship will be decided between September 20–22. Milan has the open championship on the fine course at Monza, on September 24–25 and the open amateur championship of the Northern Lakes is arranged for the course on the shore of Lake Varese at the end of the month.

I have not dipped deep into the programme but this is enough to show that Italy is providing plenty of interest and amusement for her visitors in addition to the history, art and beauty with which time has endowed her.

Beverley Brooke

FOUND DURING EXCAVATIONS AT OSTIA: A marble statue of Mithra, in ancient Persian mythology the god of light and of the sun, which has just been unearthed. The statue bears the signature of the Greek sculptor, Kriton

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute. — Palace Hotel. — Sea front. Near Golf. Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Reduced terms from August 20.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Grand Hotel du Cap D'Antibes et Pavillon Eden-Roc.—Unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Htl.—Free bus ser. with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. pl. 15 acres pr. pk. Inc. fr. 120 f. With bath fr. 140 f.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

GERMANY.

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Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Des Kaiserhof.—
First-class hotel.
Situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage. A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms. fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading hotel near Bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.—Htl. Imperial.—Excl.—wld. known, close to the springs & baths. Season April 15 to Oct. 15. Prospectus. Tel. 35.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

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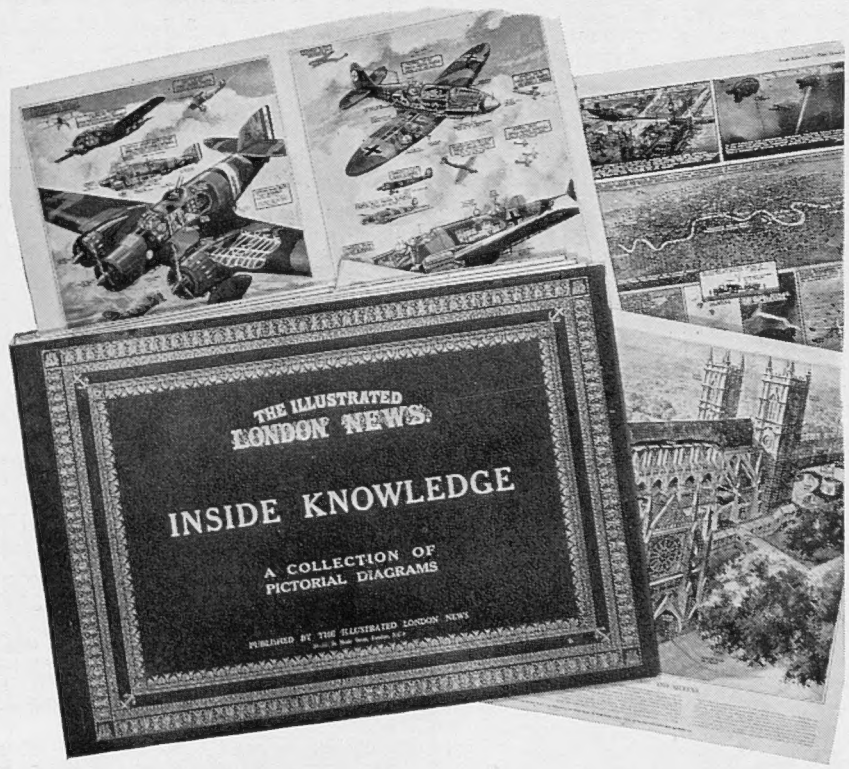

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Travelling southward our first halt should be at Moreton in Marsh, for here is a new find in an old setting, where one's thirst for history and personal hunger can be adequately assuaged. The Manor House Hotel breathes history and beauty as one peeps through the front door to the Tudor garden and the paved courtyard beyond, in which a mulberry tree, the oldest in Gloucestershire, is a distinguishing feature. There is character and charm in every stone of the old manor. In part there is a touch of the ecclesiastical, as if the architect had borrowed from the church beyond. But it is the interior where the real beauty lies. Beautiful open stone fireplaces, modern chairs and settees—the sort of lounges, in fact, one would rejoice in on a damp wet day.

It is only recently that Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Duckworth set about converting this old manor into a habitation of cosiness, and right well have they carried out their task. When they took possession they set to work to furnish the rooms in keeping with the style of the building. In some cases they divided up existing rooms, and put into each room all the care and taste that they could. Each bedroom has hot and cold running water, bedside lamps, and interior-sprung mattresses. There are two large lounges, each being treated individually, so that there is a pleasing contrast when moving from one to the other. There is also a small library which can be let as a private sitting-room.

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The Manor House is scheduled as an "ancient monument," but, for myself, I have scheduled it as a high-class country house hotel, ancient in its surrounds, modern in its comfort and a very definite halting-place for me on the Fosse Way.

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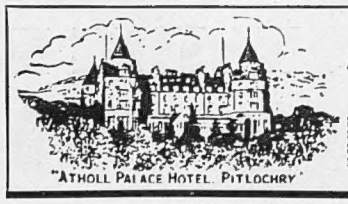

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Here at Fox Corner is the Fox. Once an old posting inn (believe it or not, you may be quite likely to hear the old coach drive up one day), then a farm-house, it has now resumed its rightful role as a dispenser of hospitality—and right well do the present owners set about their task.

People often drive up for the first time, want lunch or dinner, declare they are in a dreadful hurry, glare around at everybody and everything and then begin to thaw in the genial atmosphere of the Fox. And one cannot help it.

There is a delightful "feel" about the house: the comfort of a home, warmth, flowers, plenty of books and periodicals in the lounge. If you have visited, say, Crossacres at Selworthy, or the Mansion House Hotel at Evesham, you will recognise this rare type of place, where one instinctively feels at home.

There is no H. and C. in the five bedrooms, but that is of small matter when you can be sure of finding C. and H.—which, being interpreted is Comfort and Hospitality! There is central heating in every bedroom, and throughout the house. There are always gallons of hot water, and if you must sing in either of the two bathrooms there is no extra charge. Everything is as spotless as one expects in a well-cared-for house. The furniture is good, and if you are a collector of antiques you will find a fellow enthusiast in the owner.

As to the Fox's larder and cellar, all I need to say is this. Many people have written to me and said in so many words: "You *must* go and have a meal at the Fox at North Aston"—and without any hesitation whatsoever I pass on their recommendation to you. And so, with considerable avidity, we will go to "ground" at the Fox, and if there is any digging to be done it will be you, and not the Fox, which will have to be dug out!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

SCOTLAND—*continued.*

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.)—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bridport.—Battlecombe Guest House Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Grassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—St. George Hotel.
Harrogate.—Prospect Htl.**** R.A.C. Tel. 3015.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
St. Austell.—Fairmead Hotel. Tel. 76.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¼).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel. W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel. Gloucester Road. S.W.7.
Bryan House. Blackheath. S.E.3.
Fairview Hotel, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM 1446
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Oban.—The Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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